

**"Little sheaves" gathered while gleaning after reapers.  
Being letters of travel commencing in 1870, and ending  
in 1873. By Caroline M. Churchill**

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BY

MRS. C. M. CHURCHILL

SAN FRANCISCO:

1874.

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### **The Golden State.**

Here I am in the Golden Land, so well pleased that, like the old Queen of Sheba, I exclaim, "The half has not been told me." Leaving bleak, cold, windy Chicago, so ill that I could not sit up, I began to amend rapidly as I breathed the invigorating air of the great plains. Arriving here after a most delightful journey of six days, I have gained sufficient strength to walk three miles without being unduly fatigued.

Delightful as imagination had pictured the overland route, the reality of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery exceeded expectation. Illimitable plains, lofty, snow-capped mountains, and lovely, fertile valleys succeed each other, ever beautiful and ever varying. Among the mountain passes the snow was very deep, but the snow-sheds prevent it from covering the tracks, so that there is no danger. One of the snow-sheds is twenty-eight miles in length. Time seemed long as we passed through it, and we greatly regretted that it hid the mountain view from our sight.

My first impressions of the Golden State are more than fancy had painted them. To me the country appears the most beautiful upon earth. The weather is warm and mild. I am writing with open doors and windows, the bright sun cheering me with its vivifying rays, while I hear the hens cackle as they do at home in early spring, (they lay eggs all winter). The birds are singing and building their nests. The grass is six inches high, and the foliage is beautifully green, yet people say the season is unusually backward.

Sacramento Valley is called the Garden of California. Its soil is dark and fertile, and yields large quantities of grain. Plowing and sowing were progressing at an immense rate as we passed through it. The Californians do business on the high pressure principle, and "push things" in a most wonderful fashion.

San Jose contains 10,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by a mountain chain, shutting off the severe ocean breezes, and tempering the atmosphere so that it is sufficiently cool to be bracing, and yet not warm enough to produce the debility of Florida. It is clean, and has the nice look of a Northern city. Owing to rapid immigration, real estate is held at a high figure, though the cost of living is about equal to that of the States. A macadamized road, handsomely shaded, three miles in extent, with a horse railroad, connects San Jose with a pleasant suburban village, greatly to the pleasure and convenience of all, particularly tourists.

Its climate, at this season, is delightful. Though rain frequently falls, the showers are always warm. And though *earthquakes* occur often, people tell me they “do not mind 'em but just let 'em quake.” Yet I fancy they are more courageous *after* than *during* the occurrence. The scenery is grand beyond description, and the soil produces an abundance of “*edible things*.”

The people represent every nationality on the face of the earth, yet they possess that true and frank hospitality which *boasts* not of its deeds of kindness, like unto the “*chivalry*.” They say that nothing would induce them to reside permanently in the States, yet, when their “*pile*” is sufficiently great, they intend visiting the homes of their nativity which memory still fondly cherishes.

The theory of *woman's rights* meets with much opposition, but the broadest and most catholic latitude is allowed it in practice. Three ladies are practicing medicine here, one of whom has a surgical reputation, and all are prosperous, proving that California flesh is, after all, heir to disease, in spite of the climate. Ladies engage in money making and business pursuits without attracting the envy or opposition or contempt of the weak-minded of both sexes. If woman will but earnestly walk onward in the path of rectitude and duty, success will surely sooner or later crown her efforts.

The weather during the entire month of January has been remarkably lovely, warm and mild, clear and sunny, reminding the tourist from “the States” of the beautiful Indian Summer of home. The air is cool and exhilarating, producing a stimulating effect upon the nervous system. One experiences a slight stinging sensation in lips, tongue and extremities, like reaction of cold, but as the weather has not been at all cold, scarcely chilly, it must be produced by the warm sunshine succeeding the

cool, bracing morning air. The atmosphere possesses certain properties which render the invalid wakeful, and it becomes necessary to coax and pet old Somnus ere he will yield one his refreshing and soothing embrace.

The soil is as rich and dark colored as that of Wisconsin, and is equally as fertile and productive in wheat and other cereals, yielding a greater variety of fruits, far surpassing those of that State in quality as well as quantity. Wheat is the great staple. It is now all sown. The farmers in this vicinity are somewhat anxious about this crop, owing to a deficiency of the usual rains, and if the wheat does not attain a certain growth before March, fears are entertained that the crop may prove a failure. Potatoes are not successfully grown in this otherwise productive valley. Their growth being so rank that they are fibrous and watery. Though in the mountain valleys they are cultivated as well as in any country of the world, 6 Erin not excepted. The native shrubbery and the manner of arranging gardens reminds one of the Southern States.

The city is at present supplied by artesian wells, but the City Fathers contemplate procuring a good supply of soft water from a pure mountain stream in the neighborhood. Windmills are the motive power employed for all purposes of irrigation. To a stranger they form a quaint addition to the California landscape, as they pump the water for moistening and fertilizing hundreds of thousands of otherwise arid and useless acres.

The almond tree belongs to the peach family. It is now in full bloom. The flowers are very beautiful, possessing the delicate tints of the peach-blossom. Almonds grown here are remarkably fine, and peanuts of a superior variety are abundantly produced.

Society in all newly settled countries is *muchly* mixed. Almost every nation of the habitable earth has its representative. While some are uncongenial, one yet meets with many frank, intelligent, hospitable people. Let the Southern chivalry boast as much as they may of their vaunted hospitality, it is a mere sham in comparison to the warm, true-hearted kindness with which the Western people entertain the stranger and the sojourner among them. As to dress, every mode is fashionable, the latest Paris styles not excepted. *People dress just as they choose*, without attracting attention,

though I must confess long swallow-tailed coats *do* appear mal-a-propos to the fast Chicagoan, accustomed to the cur-tailed business suit. Neither very light summer or heavy winter garments are required, moderately warm clothing being suitable the whole year.

Californians have a pet earthquake theory. They declare *their* earthquakes are not volcanic, but entirely atmospheric. As thunder and lightning do not exist, they argue that the earthquake is an atmospherical method of purifying the air, and they furthermore assert that since 1812 but six lives have been lost on the entire Pacific Coast, and that thunder and lightning, winds and violent storms cause greater destruction to life and property in the States, than the earthquakes of the Pacific Slope.

Apparently there is little fear of earthquakes, yet the buildings are constructed to guard against these phenomena. They are built of wood, generally low, one story in height, and broad on the ground, surrounded with piazzas. The best recommendation for a house is that it is "earthquake-proof." There are many handsome blocks in San Jose. The roads are hard, smooth and clean, rendering the drives most delightful.

### **San Jose in June.**

The floral wealth of San Jose is, at this season, abundant beyond description. Though climbing plants and several varieties of vines were green all winter, they are of a brighter hue now. The few roses which gladdened us in January and February, are succeeded by a progeny as numerous as ever varying and beautiful. Double purple violets, hidden beneath the dark green foliage, perfume the air; large gray pansies, fragrant carnations, myrtle blossoms, and the numerous varieties of bridal wreath and spirea, with drooping limbs studded with clusters of infinitesimal roses of snowy whiteness, greet one in every direction, producing feelings of gratitude to the Great Creator that He has thus beautified and adorned bounteous Mother Earth. Oranges are not cultivated in this valley, though all fruits, such as peaches, apricots, almonds, etc., are grown in abundance with little labor. The grapes are exceedingly heavy. They are Fenian green now, and as the season advances they

will receive darker hues until, like humanity, they become sear and yellow with age. Wheat is the principal cereal, and is extensively cultivated, producing flour of a superfine quality.

## 8

The mountains, extending from east to west, form one unbroken chain, while the northern and southern horizon is bounded by hills and table-lands. The mountains are covered with an emerald carpet, and the scrub oaks on their heights attest their sterility, while clear, silvery clouds crown their lofty peaks like a halo. The table lands are luxuriant with grain fields and meadows, and the white farm house upon the distant hill, surrounded with its peach orchard, presents a lovely landscape to the beholder—a landscape of mountained hills, valley and table-land, sterility and fertility, like the characteristics of life. Horrible tales of devouring lions and panthers are rehearsed to us, now and then, but as we have seen neither, we are inclined to think they are mythical.

Five newspapers are published here, two dailies and three weeklies. All of them compare favorably, editorially and typographically with their Eastern compeers. The public schools are graded, as in the States. Their discipline, regarding both teachers and scholars is strict. It is next to an impossibility for an incompetent or inefficient teacher to find employment. I lately visited the primary department, and was surprised to find it so progressive and well conducted. I never saw so great a number of children so universally well dressed, well behaved and well-deciplined.

### **First Impressions of a California Earthquake.**

On the 17th of February, 1870, at noon-day, I experienced my first introduction to a shock of California earthquake. I had been out enjoying my customary morning promenade, the weather being mild and balmy as usual, and the face of nature appeared *comme a l'ordinaire*. On entering my room, as I was removing my bonnet and shawl, the building suddenly began to rock, and the blinds shook and swayed to and fro just like a steamer getting under way. I caught hold of a table and steadied myself to regain my equilibrium, I for a moment imagined that I had just embarked at San Francisco, and had taken passage for the Sandwich Islands. Another moments reflection, however, gave me to understand that instead of being on the “briny deep,” I was upon

terra firma, and that the rocking sensation was my first introduction, in California vulgaria, to a "Quake." Scarcely had I regained my situation, ere the rocking and trembling ceased, and, strange to say, I was not in the least armed; and going towards the hall, I met my next door neighbor with a composed smile, as if "Quakes" were already familiar things. She was greatly frightened, and regarding my composure as forced, remarked, "*They who know nothing, fear nothing.*" If this be true, when I know more I will fear more.

Occupying the second story of a fine building my first impulse after the shake was over, was to look about for damages. In my room the plastered walls were somewhat crushed, and that was all. Going to the window to see what the people in the streets were doing, I observed that no one appeared disturbed, though the windows on the opposite side of the street were filled with eager and anxious faces, looking in the same direction, probably for the same purpose.

The greatest and only real danger resulting from these phenomena is caused by crowds of people rushing hurriedly into the streets, and being hurt by falling chimneys and other missiles. I am told that all loss of life on the Pacific Coast has resulted from fearful stampedes of children from the public schools, or crowds of people tumbling and trampling and jostling each other in the first moments of alarm.

If, as Lolland says, "All common good has common price," the price of living in this country, as far as my experience goes, is rather the *fear* than the *result* of earthquakes. As there are neither violent winds or storms, thunder or lightning, whirlwinds or simoons, nature purifies the elements by shakes and quakes, and all fear rests in the fact that no one knows how hard it may shake before the quake is over.

In a former letter I spoke of windmills. They are a most interesting and pleasant institution of this country, and as reliable as sunrise and sunset. The winds blow with great regularity every day, from the south in winter, and from the north in summer. Thus, windmills are a never-falling source of irrigation. It is a pleasing sight to view their giant arms tossed about by balmy breezes, doing

a giant's work, pumping the water into troughs, which is then guided by hose in every required direction.

The weather during this month has been most charming, mild and spring-like, with only one wintry day, and that a very pleasant one to a Chicagoan.

A regular live Woman Suffrage Association is organized here, and is in good running and working order. Though women by no means yet enjoy equal rights they hope to do so by-and-by.

A lady applied for a vacant postoffice clerkship, but was told that she could not serve Uncle Sam in that capacity, for she was not a citizen. When she replied that as she was born in the United States, she would really like to be informed *whose* citizen she was if not Uncle Sam's, the laughing rejoinder came, "Well, well, you're a non-voting citizen, and it don't *pay* to give clerkships to sich like."

## 10

Another lady, a teacher, eminently qualified, and endorsed by many influential citizens, applied for the position of school superintendent. The position was almost awarded to her, when, lo! the reigning powers pronounced her inelligible, because she was a "non-voting citizen."

Non-voting citizens are permitted to pay taxes, to give birth to and rear voters, aided or unaided, as the case may be; to wash, to sew, to teach and to scrub; to be tried by a jury of voting citizens, to be imprisoned, and to be responsible as voting citizens in every 11 responsible way, and yet enjoy only the political privileges of serfs and aliens, idiots, criiminals and lunatics.

But the night is far spent and the day dawn is near at hand, for there is one blessed editor here, in San Jose, who issues no number of his paper without saying a good word for the cause of right, and a growing change in public opinion is advancing daily. God bless him and all others who battle in the cause of Equal Rights!

**Santa Clara.**



This old Spanish town is so near San Jose that it may be properly called one of its environs. Though a western spirit of progress is here and there visible, animating the natural indolence of her inhabitants, the old, unprogressive Spanish element, with its adherence to and veneration for all that has been and is, is as yet the prevailing, one might say the dominant one. Her climate is semi-tropical, and owing to the near proximity of the Pacific, is subject to the bracing ocean breezes, which in a measure counteract the debility consequent upon all warm climates, and though therefore very mild and agreeable, fails to produce that stimulating oxygen so necessary to persons who were born and reared in more northerly latitudes. All the productions indigenous to the temperate zones, and almost all those of the tropics, flourish luxuriantly; so that owing to her genial climate, the fertility of her soil, and the characteristics of her earliest settlers, Santa Clara, notwithstanding Yankee immigration, hovers between effete conservatism and living progression, stupidity and activity, dullness and energy.

Among those institutions which attract the attention of the stranger and tourist is her Monastery, or so-called Catholic College for boys and young men—a very extensive and imposing structure, modeled after the Doric and Corinthian style of architecture. 12 It is built of adobe, with an external finish resembling stone, and the great depth of its windows attest the thickness of its walls, presenting a castellated and port-like appearance, which impression the stranger bears away with him, since it is impossible to obtain information from its recluse and celibate inmates concerning their educational system, the studies which their pupils pursue, or any other subject of interest to a newspaper correspondent. The grounds surrounding the college are very spacious, handsomely laid out, and beautifully ornamented with trees, flowering shrubs and the brilliant, blooming exotics of the country. Long walks are covered with lattice frames and densely shaded with grapes, while small trellises are completely hidden by clementhis, roses and other climbers. A large aquarium, filled with plants, fishes, turtles, frogs, etc., forms a source of amusement and pleasing instruction, while fine statuary, placed here and there among the trees, gives classic beauty to the entire surroundings. The playgrounds contain gymnastic apparatus, and chattering parrots give the stranger the impression that the language of the pupils is more characteristic of rude frontier life and association, than of the educational refinement of an institution of learning

as munificently endowed as this one appears to be. "Dry up," "You lie," "You bet," and other like ejaculations are screeched from the throats of the feathery chatterers, till one wonders if they hear nothing else to imitate, or whether, from parrot perversity, they are incapable of repeating aught except slang. Extensive orchards, yielding almost every variety of fruit known to the temperate and tropical zones, and well cultivated kitchen-gardens give evidence that the gastronomic tastes and wants of the inmates of the community are not neglected.

A great amount of wealth is invested in this institution, which was founded twenty years since. From all that we could see and learn, it is not equal to the 13 more progressive schools of other countries, though doubtless better adapted to the natures of those who are educated there.

### **Silk Culture.**

The importance of this industrial resource is constantly augmenting, and already adds largely to the wealth of those who pursue it. Owing to the want of capital, proper machinery and management, the manufacture of silk in this State, is not as yet a complete success, but all the eggs of the silk worm which can be produced find a ready market at four dollars an ounce to the Italians and French; and even the European war has not in the least affected their sale. The eggs of the California silk worm are said to be perfectly reliable and sure to produce worms. The dry climate is the best in the world for the silk worm, and the mulberry trees flourish like natives of the soil. It is death to the worms to feed them upon wet leaves. There are no extensive cocooneries in this vicinity; like tea plantations, they are more successful when managed upon a small scale, and by a few individuals who understand the business.

The wine interest of Southern California is immense. It is estimated that the State contains 40,000,000 vines which annually yield 40,000,000 gallons of wine, and thousands of new vines are being yearly planted. These statistics are discouraging to the advocates of temperance, but they are nevertheless a fact. The red and white wines of Napa and Sonoma counties, have a fine flavor, and the grapes are less liable to rust and mildew than those of the wine districts of the Rhine or Spain, and are mostly exported. Their yield during the past season is estimated at 1,000,000 gallons, which

will sell for half a million of dollars. The price of all the native wines of the State has advanced from 15 to 20 cts per gallon within the past two months; probably the war has aided in this advance, but be that as it may, wine culture 14 is one of the main industrial resources of the State, and will remain so while a market exists for it.

Lecturers from the East do not now reap the golden harvest which they did a few years since in California. People are weary of this species of entertaining instruction, and complain of the high prices demanded by lecturers. Though these are but half what they were a few years since, when one dollar per ticket was not thought unreasonable, yet now it is seldom that an audience can be obtained at fifty cents per ticket. The fact of the matter is, the great mass of mankind prefer amusement to instruction, and in order to make lectures financially successful, the latter must become subservient to the former. Or those lecturers who desire to instruct and elevate, must themselves learn a lesson in self abnegation and charge less for their services.

Mrs. Tracy Cutler has lectured in this portion of California during the past winter on Woman suffrage, and has been well received. She is a fine, fluent and argumentative speaker, and an able champion of the cause which she advocates. The disciples of the Woman's Suffrage Cause, whether right or wrong, are thoroughly in earnest. Whatever may be said for or against the movement, it certainly is not a dead issue, but alive, active and in a state of progression. Woman suffrage picnics, woman suffrage balls, woman suffrage mass meetings are the order of the day. Most of the members of suffrage associations carry the constitution of their society with them wherever they go, and obtain all the signers to it they possibly can, and others are so thoroughly radical that they pledge themselves to give all their social influence and financial support to the friends of the cause, and to use it against its opponents. Many of the best men and women, and the most advanced thinkers of the State are engaged in the movement and are confident of its ultimate success.

15

**Over the Mountains to Santa Cruz.**

Leaving San Jose southwestward for Santa Cruz, we make our transit by means of an old-fashioned conservative stage-coach, which, when one is not in a hurry, and the weather is dry, mild and balmy, and road diversified by hill and valley, mountains and streams, is a very agreeable way of travel. This valley is one of the most fertile in California, and unsurpassed in picturesque scenery, with the exception of the Yosemite. Now, in the full meridian of Spring. Nature has assumed her most attractive garb. The wheat fields of the valleys and foothills give promise of a fair harvest, though not as abundant as that of the preceding year, while the foliage of the hills and mountains is yet fresh and green, and brilliant-hued wild flowers dot the level fields. Indeed, every variety of scenery greets the tourist's eye. The fertile foothills furnish pasturage for immense herds of cattle, sheep and goats; the undulating slopes of the hills are covered with brush and small timber; and then the mountain pass, with its deep ravines, its yawning precipices and gigantic trees, which, while it inspires the soul with the grandeur of the mighty works of the Great Creator, also produces the painful effect of fear upon the nerves of the timid traveler. The mountain gorges are often five hundred feet in depth, while projecting rocks, with mammoth trees growing from them, and bending over the precipice, as if about to fall, meet one at every turn of a curve. Now and then we pass over a plateau of table-land in a very high state of cultivation. The air ascending the mountains is bracing and delightfully fragrant with the perfume of wild flowers and new-cut hay.

A short distance from San Jose two hospitable old bachelor brothers are engaged in the cultivation of grapes, pears, peaches and several varieties of small fruits. Their grounds are beautifully and regularly laid out with walks and drives, planted with shade 16 trees and shrubbery, and adorned with a wealth of flowers, while vine-clad arbours and rustic seats beneath umbrageous trees invite weary mortals to repose. All was kept with the order of a well-regulated park and the neatness of an old maid's bureau drawers. Our hosts were charmingly agreeable, and did not in the least wear the orthodox forlorn appearance usually imputed to old bachelors. Neither did they express contempt for the feminine element, but were ardent advocates of woman suffrage and her highest education and elevation. Like all celebrities of either sex, except Catholic priests and nuns, they cherished the ultimate hope of a happy life partnership. As we bade our hospitable friends farewell, we earnestly wished and devoutly prayed that Heaven might send them two loving, congenial spirits, and

that, united, they might become, as Parthenia expressed herself, like “Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one.”

The mountain stage-drivers are peculiar characters, and deserve a passing notice. They are very veterans of their occupation, having driven for years on the same route. In California vulgate, they never get *foggy*; which means that they are temperate—a great and an unusual recommendation in this country. They are very trusty, possessing an accurate knowledge of every step of the hazardous way, and know something of interest about every spot. No smoking is allowed inside or outside of the stage, so that ladies can ride on the outside if they choose, and obtain a perfect view of the natural scenery—a privilege of which many avail themselves. The stages are drawn by six horses, which are relieved every ten miles. The mountain ascent is very laborious and is slowly made, but the descent is rapid. Two opposition lines of coaches are running between San Jose and Santa Cruz, and the price for the passage has been reduced from three dollars to one dollar, 17 affording cheap pleasure and information to those who desire to avail themselves of its advantages.

The mountain streams are well filled with trout. Fishing parties are quite the fashion in the vicinity of the trout streams—we ladies taking particular delight in following this indolently pleasurable pursuit of Isaac Walton. And as we return with long strings well filled with the speckled shiners, and enjoy the delicious repast they afford, we feel well repaid for sport by which we captured these delicious specimens of the finny tribe.

Midway between San Jose and Santa Cruz there is a place of entertainment for man and beast, kept like the old-fashioned country taverns of the East. Here, while we sumptuously fared, we were forcibly reminded of Yankee Land. Reminiscences of home are ever pleasurable to the sojourner in a strange land, particularly when they appear in the form of a well cooked dinner, with the addition of a plate of well-browned trout.

The descriptions by travelers of the mammoth trees of California are no exaggerations. The weeping willow grows to such an immense circumference that one can drive a span of horses and wagon beneath the shade of its gracefully drooping branches. The redwood trees attain such a

gigantic size that our tallest oaks are mere pigmies in comparison, and the fir trees grow as straight as reeds and so very tall that one would suppose they intended to find their level with the highest mountain tops.

The City of Santa Cruz, or Holy Cross, is delightfully situated upon the sea, at a distance of half a mile from the bay of Monterey, and thirty-five miles southwest of San Jose. It has 3,000 inhabitants. It is quite a place of resort, as it possesses a fine beach. Its bathing facilities are hardly equal to those of Newport.

Its streets are fine and cleanly, and its hotels commodious. Its stores are very countrified, dealing in every description, from crape shawls to codfish. It possesses some manufactures and considerable commerce. During last month the shipments of home manufacture amounted to 1,500 barrels of lime, 15,000 kegs of powder, 2,000 reams of paper, 300 rolls of leather, and 6,000,000 shingles. Roses bloom here perpetually, and grapes yield a very large harvest.

The editors of this city of the Holy Cross are a very belligerent set, and resort to fists instead of pen and ink to settle their difficulties. Whether this is owing to the productiveness of the grape, or the general climate, we are unable to tell, but certain it is, that a little "unpleasantness" has resulted in their temporary disfiguration greatly to the injury of their individual good looks, providing that pen and ink are the proper weapons of offense and defense for the editorial fraternity, and are mightier than fists.

The flowing wells are a great curiosity. They are bored like artesian wells, often two hundred feet deep, and the water gushes and boils up and runs over, yielding an abundant and constant supply.

California's greatest necessity is a foreign market. She possesses facilities for supplying the whole Union with fruits and vegetables, but the present rates of transportation are so great that the producer loses all his profits before his productions reach the market. Each distinctive feature of farming is carried on as a separate business here. One man devotes his entire time and means to the culture of grain, another to that of vegetables, a third cultivates grapes, a fourth fruits, and a fifth cattle, etc. Owing to the necessity of irrigation and the variety of soil and climate this becomes a

necessity, and when a failure occurs it becomes a very disastrous one. It is an easy matter to make a livelihood in California, but as difficult to amass a fortune as in other countries.

Great apprehensions of a drought are felt in this region. Very little rain has fallen during the winter, 19 and the weather is as hot as August in Illinois, during the day, though the nights are cool and refreshing. People have not forgotten the very disastrous drought of 1864, when all the cattle died and the crops perished, and are probably too apprehensive, for such calamities do not happen often, and better preparations are now made to meet them, for the numerous artesian wells will not fail, though the mountain streams become parched and dry.

### **June Weather and Trade Winds.**

Our June weather has been very warm during the day, but the heat is greatly mitigated towards its close by the trade winds, which never fail to blow regularly from the north every afternoon, and render our evenings and nights very cool and enjoyable. One can always sleep well in this climate, a blessing which nervous patients who have suffered from the want of weary nature's sweet restorer can fully appreciate. Linens, lawns, muslins, organdies, and in fact summer clothing of any description can only be worn during the middle of the day. As soon as the trade winds arise the atmosphere becomes so cool that heavy clothing, like broadcloths, merinos, even furs, are not only comfortable but necessary to prevent taking cold. The cool evenings and nights, and the good healthful sleep, are so refreshing that the heat of noon-day does not produce the debility of other warm climates. In this respect the Pacific Coast has greatly the advantage over the central and south Atlantic Coast.

Cereal crops have been greatly injured by the drought, so much so, that in some localities they will not pay for the labor of harvesting. In the more southerly counties the herbage is literally burned by heat and drought, and herds of cattle are perishing for want of food and water. These are mostly Spanish cattle, which are of a small and inferior breed, and our progressionists say the country will be 20 benefitted by being rid of them, even as a fire proves a blessing when it sweeps away old, tottering, decaying localities, and modern dwellings usurp their places. The mortality among

poultry is so great that eggs and broiled chickens will soon become rarities. Scores of biddies and chanticleers drop dead daily, owing to the drought and the alkaliscent substances upon which they are forced to feed, without a sufficient quantity of water.

Grapes are growing finely; the clusters are round and full, and give promise of an abundant harvest. Their roots strike so deep into the earth that the drought does not affect them; in fact, dry weather is beneficial to grapes, rendering them sweeter and more free from rust and mildew. Raisins of excellent flavor and superior quality are extensively produced, and our Los Angeles oranges are far sweeter, larger and more juicy than those of Florida, Cuba or Sicily. We suffer much from dust, though perhaps no more so than in other localities where no rain has fallen for a long period of time.

Our flowing wells have proved as great a blessing to us as the water which gushed from the desert rock was to the thirsty Israelites. They continue to gush and bubble and give forth their inestimable wealth of fresh, sweet, pure water in abundance, without a thought of the drought whose disastrous effects are so manifest to those who are deprived of them. Little pools of water collect about the wells, which the feathered tribe scent from afar, and they come hither in myriads to wet their thirsty little beaks and bathe and flap their wings in the limpid stream. And then they perch themselves among the boughs of our shade trees and pour forth their songs of thanksgiving, to which it is most pleasurable to listen.

Our aboriginal settlers were either Spanish or French, and these have become so mixed with the native Indian element that it is difficult to trace distinct types of either nationality. They are 21 uneducated, particularly the women, and *their ignorance* reacts on all. They speak no language correctly or purely, but a jargon of all. The tourist who remarked that upon inquiring the nationality of a lady and receiving the reply, “*Me no mucho Francaise, Englise, you bet,*” describes their language correctly. Still one recognizes the French by their politeness, their neatness of dress whatever their surroundings, their sociability and their general superiority to the Spaniards, or old Californians as they are termed. These are not particularly neat, having a strong penchant for oils, cayenne pepper, hard boiled eggs and plenty of garlic. The ladies wear shawls upon their heads,



are small in statue, and either grow to an enormous emboupoint or wither and dry up until they resemble Egyptian mummies. They are exceedingly conservative, don't approve of schools, and do just as their grand-parents and great grand-parents did before them, from father Noah down, the example of which venerable patriarch they religiously imitate by making free use of the fermented juice of the grape, with the addition thereto of corn-juice in the form of whiskey and other alcoholic beverages. They are generally unsocial, dislike progress and the Yankees, sell their estates and emigrate to Mexico.

The religion of the old Californians Lord Macauley terms, "that fascinating superstition, which shall nevertheless, be the prevailing faith when the tourist shall sketch the ruins of Westminster Abby from a broken arch of London Bridge." Should this prophecy prove true of London it will never apply to California, for progressive ideas are storming the battlements of ancient prejudices and superstitions, and even the Catholic church cannot restrain the onward march. The French do not permit their religious scruples to interfere with their sociability or their neighborly kindness; but it is different with the Spaniards, who are ultra High Church, believe none can obtain an immortal Elysium but themselves, and fear contamination from other influences; hence they are unsocial and taciturn, and liberal Christians assert that the greater their ignorance the greater their faith, but these are heretical views, diametrically opposite to orthodox belief, and must be judged accordingly.

The Chinese question is an all important topic of discussion with us, eliciting much argument, pro and con. The Chinamen are quiet and inoffensive, temperate and industrious, ingenious and imitative. They learn to read and write our language rapidly; their dress is neat, consisting of bifurcates, with a blue cotton tunic or sort of shirt, stiffly starched and smoothly ironed, a funny cloth shoe with a cork sole an inch thick, and a hat. They labor cheaply at whatever their hands find to do, and so far so good. The objections to them are:

1st. That self-preservation, which is the first law of nature, viz: that no Caucasian can advantageously compete with them, for a stewed mouse and a handful of rice per day will board a Chinaman, and a white man requires something more expensive, substantial and appetizing.

2d. They hoard all their earnings, investing very little in clothing, living or real estate. All this capital is shipped to China, whither, living or dead, the Chinaman returns.

Our two greatest drawbacks are our land monopolies and our great want of a foreign market. The farmers are buying up and holding thousands of acres of our most valuable public lands, and holding them so high that poor men cannot purchase cheap homes; these speculators keep the country from improving as fast as it would if the poor man were not thus fettered. The claim of Hutchings & Lamon to the Yosemite Valley was defeated at the last session of the Legislature, the State thereby reserving this wonder of nature in its pristine charms, and making it impossible for any land monopolist to control it and 23 make unjust extortions upon the tourist and visitor. This at least is one move in the right direction. Our great necessity of cheap transportation for cereals, fruits and other productions is severely felt by our producers. Owing to the necessity of irrigation, but one branch of farming or grazing can be carried on by one person; he then engages in it extensively and with necessarily great expense, and when his produce is ready for market finds no home consumers, and the high tariff for transportation exhausts all his profits.

### **Summer Climate in San Jose.**

Our summer climate here in California has been extremely hot and dry during the past season; but one little shower of rain fell in the latter part of July, and though the ocean breezes cooled the atmosphere at the close of day and at night, and were somewhat refreshing, they failed to alleviate the weariness and lassitude caused by the day's heat, or to cure the desire to postpone all physical and mental labor till the morrow, and when the morrow came to postpone it until cooler weather. The oldest settlers aver that the past summer has been an unusually hot one, and though that may be, still the climate of our "heated term" loses its usual brain and muscle stimulating properties, unless it be that what is brain stimulating is also brain trying, and that the system, when reaction occurs, is left in a more debilitated condition than if the stimulant had not been employed.

Notwithstanding the drought, our crops were abundant; though the yield of wheat was not as great as in the season of '69, it is all sufficient and much greater than was expected. California farmers

expect a dry season occasionally, and are therefore so well prepared for it that they do not suffer from its effects as they did years ago, before they understood the climatic changes of this coast. The grain which failed to head well where the means of irrigation were 24 deficient, was cut green and baled as we bale hay in the East, producing excellent fodder.

Threshing grain is carried on as extensively and expeditiously as everything else in this country. Several threshing machines, accompanied by the usual number of operatives or “hands” surround the mammoth grain stacks and commence work, resting only long enough to “*take in food*” for man and beast. At night the men sleep in the field in near proximity to the stacks, with no other bed than the bare ground and a single blanket. As the air is warm, perfectly free from damps and dews, and not the least danger of a shower, they sleep soundly until sunrise, when work begins again, and continues uninterruptedly until all is completed.

Grasses become sere and dry in midsummer, one might say almost, from the effects of heat, and he who does not understand the order of things in this climate would pronounce them burnt and worthless; nevertheless, cattle eat, live and thrive upon them, growing fat and slick as the season advances. Some species of California grasses produce small burrs, which fall upon and cover the ground when ripe. These are very nutritive for cattle, and are eaten with avidity by them.

We enjoyed summer fruits of almost every variety and climate. Cherries, plums, apricots, peaches, almonds and oranges. The latter, though not as abundantly produced as at Los Angeles, are large and sweet. Berries of every variety abound in their season. Elderberries are as large as good sized peas, and covered with a white mist, giving them the appearance of sugar-coated pills. Grapes are plentiful, large, sweet and luscious, some of the clusters almost equaling in size and plumpness, the pictured representations of those famous bunches found in the Promised Land by the spies of the Children of Israel, which were wont to make our mouth water in early childhood, as we beheld them suspended from a pole and 25 2 borne upon the brawny shoulders of the fault-finding Jews. Our native wines are very sweet, the warm, dry weather being highly adapted to the growth and development of the grapes. As usual, our wine-makers claim that their wines are not intoxicating. They certainly taste very sweet and palatable, and, if never drank to excess, might not injure the

cause of temperance; but, judging from what we have seen, we incline to the contrary opinion. Some large varieties of grapes produce raisins equal to the best imported Malagas, particularly those cultivated amid the sheltered valleys and foothills.

Notwithstanding the great productiveness of this country, and the skilled ingenuity which her inhabitants bring to bear against climatic disadvantages, we have many serious drawbacks for which as yet no remedy has been found. Not the least of these is the damage done to crops by squirrels and gophers. All efforts to exterminate these destructive little creatures have thus far been unsuccessful. The injury which they inflict upon fruits and grain is incalculable, and generally the richest districts are those most infected by their depredations. Liberal offers have been made for the discovery of some plan by which these pests can be annihilated, but nothing more efficacious than poison or cold has been discovered, and squirrels multiply so rapidly that even these are of little avail. It is estimated that sixty thousand squirrels have been killed in Contra Costa county since the 1st of January, and yet they seem thick as ever. At the last session of the Legislature an act was passed to encourage the destruction of squirrels and gophers in certain localities, and to provide a bounty for the same, by authorizing the levy of a special tax which shall constitute a Bounty Fund. Whosoever kills a squirrel is entitled to five cents for the scalp and ten then cents for a gopher. A citizen of San Jose realized \$120 from squirrel scalps in a short time, yet they scamper over fields and orchards as 26 numerously as ever. Squirrel killing in California is like fly catching in preserving time in the States—two living ones taking the place of the one which has been killed.

Though abundant harvests crown the labors of the husbandmen, and fruits, grain, vegetables and all things edible are plentiful and cheap, there is less material prosperity than one might expect in so productive a country. Complaints of hard times are general among miners, mechanics, laborers and business men. Why this is so, the students of social science have not yet told us. Mining is particularly dull in this vicinity. The Guadalupe Quicksilver mines, which were prosperous eight years ago, furnishing employment to 3,000 people, are now deserted, their costly smelting furnaces in ruins, and their wonderful shafts left to decay—presenting a picture of desolation, where activity and enterprise once reigned. The cause for this is, that precious minerals are no longer sufficiently abundant to reward the capitalist and laborer. Bold robberies and fearful murders occur frequently

among us, and it is seldom that the perpetrators are brought to justice, for they flee to the woods and mountains and hide there, so that it is almost impossible for the law to take its course and punish them as they deserve.

## **San Francisco**

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San Francisco, to a stranger from the Prairie Land, accustomed to the level, monotonous scenery of home, is most delightfully situated. Portions of the city being built upon picturesque hills, which, like those of St. Paul, Minnesota, have not been graded down to make level streets, but left in their natural beauty, present an undulating and pleasing prospect to an admirer of varied scenery. These elevations afford excellent views of the city, the Bay crowded with shipping, and the Golden Gate, with its open welcome to the sea. The churches have fewer and less elevated steeples than those of the Eastern cities. Probably they are constructed with reference to earthquakes, which, though claimed by scientific men to be atmospheric instead of volcanic, nevertheless cause more damage to lofty than lower structures. The business houses are large and spacious, for the Californians like plenty of room, and that as near terra firma as possible. The merchants are particularly fond of fresh air and sunshine, and many of them transact a large portion of their business upon the sidewalk. The scene from the Bay is enchanting to a lover of variety. The steamer "Colorado" is leaving for Panama, crowded with passengers, flirting adieus with their handkerchiefs to their friends on shore. A schooner too heavily or unevenly laden with baled has upset, scattering her cargo in every direction upon the blue waters, the hay following the current and sailing away towards the Pacific. White barges and water craft of every description are being loaded and unloaded by people of every hue and nationality.

As for the autumn climate of this city, whatever it may be at other seasons, it is anything but salubrious or agreeable to pulmonary or bronchial invalids, and the sooner they make their exit from San Francisco, the better for coughs and colds. Fogs are frequent and very heavy, and have an inflammatory effect upon throat and lungs, eyes and nose. The climate of San Francisco,

according to the testimony of their meteorologists, is unlike that of any other city in the world. It has essentially two climates, and there is constantly a conflict between the land and sea temperature for supremacy. The ocean breeze partakes of the temperature of the Pacific, which is about 53 degrees Fahrenheit the whole year. From the Coast Range of mountains, near the Golden Gate, there is a current of cool, damp air, of the same temperature as the ocean, laden with misty clouds, which linger near the base of the hills and penetrate the valleys around San Francisco Bay. The land temperature is as nearly opposite to that of the ocean as possible. It is generally hot and dry, and the two climates acting upon each other produce one which has no parallel anywhere. The extensive territory lying about the Bay is within scope of these two climates, and subject to their joint influence. Though neither very warm nor very cold, and quite stimulating to mental and physical energies, it is nevertheless not the perfectly healthful climate which invalids from the Atlantic States come in search of. One chills so easily, and there are so many weather changes it is almost impossible to dress properly to meet them. Colds and catarrhs have been very prevalent this season, and pocket handkerchiefs, cough drops, bronchial troches and every species of patent medicines advertised for these afflictions are in active and constant demand.

But the face of Nature here during the last days of November is exceedingly charming. Scarcely a more beautiful sight can be imagined than the sudden cheerful change presented by the surrounding hills after the first showers. These hills are treeless, and their sharp peaks and deep gullied sides are covered with a carpet of deep velvety green, which is their winters garb. Plants and flowers flourish finely in the open air, as no irrigation is now needed to keep them in full growth and bloom. Ornamental plants grow to a size unknown in Eastern cities. The cactus variety attain a gigantic size, while the fuschias are ten or twelve feet in height, and bloom profusely throughout the entire winter in the open air. Geraniums of every variety, heliotropes, oleanders—in fact all our Eastern house plants find their native and congenial climate here.

San Francisco possesses numerous fine public buildings. Among these is the Orphan Asylum, which looms up from one of her hills an ancient feudal castle, its substantial stone walls being 29 covered with ivy and clambering vines, while the sloping hillsides descending from it are green with the verdure of grass and shrubbery. Her churches, school buildings and private dwellings are

not excelled in architectural beauty, or convenience and adaptability, by those of her sister cities in the East. Five miles east of the city is the Boy's Industrial School, a large stone structure having the appearance of a great comfortable farm house, where a pleasant home and a useful, practical education are given to the homeless and unfortunate.

Business is generally dull, and will continue so, while specie is the only currency in use. California requires a paper currency before her national prosperity will equal that of the Atlantic and other Western States. The liquor traffic is here as with the whole nation the most money-making pursuit, and whisky and stimulating and intoxicating beverages of every description are the curse of this coast. Bleared eyes, red noses, foul breaths and all the train of physical and mental evils which follow the daily use of alcoholic beverages, are everywhere apparent. The native born children have a fine physical development, and were it not for the inheritance of intemperance, might in a few generations attain mankind's primitive perfection in health and longevity.

San Francisco possesses many valuable manufactories. The manufacture of silver plate of chaste and elaborate designs and excellent quality is largely carried on; woolen blankets, of soft, fleecy texture, and shawls, gloves and hose are produced in such abundance as to supply the entire home market. There is great jealousy of eastern manufacturers who send their productions here to find a market, and many consider the Pacific Railroad as a detriment, since foreign manufactures now compete with and destroy the profits of home industry in a greater degree, than when commerce was entirely carried on by water. Silk culture is becoming constantly more developed and so quite profitable to the producer. The cocoons are of much finer quality than those of Japan and China, and though silk is not successfully manufactured here, the cocoons find a ready market in France and Italy. Before the late European war, France alone used 10,000,000 cocoons per annum more than she produced, and thus the market in this branch of industry is not easily glutted, and as the silk worm thrives well in California, and their cocoons find a ready market, it is not improbable that her silk culture will in time become as valuable a resource as her mines.

### **The Vernal Season on the Pacific Coast.**

To Northern and Eastern sojourners the vernal season here, in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, is already so far advanced that spring appears lost in the gorgeous bloom of mid-summer. The reign of flowers is fully upon us and many of the earlier varieties of annual roses have passed their season and are covering the ground with their faded leaves, while the later varieties and the perpetual bloomers perfume the air and beautify the landscape. Boquets composed of all the more hardy roses, camelias and japonicas, intermingled with fuschias and less choice flowers, are abundant and decorate our stores, churches and homes. Oranges and the fruits of the season are coming into market too, as well as an endless variety of vegetables. The Chinese are very successful in the cultivation of the latter as in all manner of horticultural and agricultural productions. They possess the faculty of making a few acres yield as much as an American would yield from three times the quantity of land. Every inch of ground is cultivated, and their economy and parsimony is beyond everything. It is positively demoralizing to humanity to see them reduce themselves to a level with the brute creation and perform the ordinary labor of mules or horses or other beasts of burden, 31 by carrying composts and fertilizers in huge baskets suspended from rude neck yokes, to save expense. All their vegetables are brought to market in this manner, and they are really one of the peculiar institutions of this coast, as are the negroes of the Southern States. It is curious to watch them in their labors and especially in their homes, which for dense population in limited space, may well be compared to ant hills. Their unlimited perseverance makes them successful in whatever they undertake.

Upon the long flats extending along the Oakland and Alameda shores, the Chinamen have extensive fisheries and when they cast their nets, amid the shoals of smelt and herring which abound here at high water, they capture myriads of these shiners with the same facility and ease and success which appears to crown all their efforts. When their boats are filled with glittering heaps of fishes, then begins the work of cleaning, drying and packing; while so engaged, the Chinaman lightens his toil by a low, guttural song, which evidently cheers him and fills his soul with pleasing dreams of his flowery home, though to Christian ears, the noise he makes is not only devoid of melody, but perfectly heathenish. In the mines the Chinese work steadily and faithfully, and where this industry is extensively carried on, they are more reliable than miners of European nationality.



They have many curious ceremonies and religious rites. Although all those who have the means are buried in the land of their nativity, many die here who are too poor or have no friends to send their remains thither. They have a burial place provided for them in San Francisco, to which all orthodox Chinamen make a semi-annual pilgrimage, for the purpose of placing rice and other provisions upon the graves of those of their countrymen who are forced to sleep their last sleep in the land of the barbarians. They then bless or charm numerous pieces of paper, tear these into small bits, and scatter them 32 to the four parts of the compass, a ceremony which they believe exorcises and banishes evil spirits, and prevents them from disturbing the repose of their deceased friends. Twenty-five hundred celestials recently participated in a ceremony of this kind. Heathens as they are, yet are they by no means averse or indifferent to the teachings of Christianity. Several protestant denominations have been very successful in the work of proselyting, and a Chinese Sunday school at Oakland is in a most prosperous condition. The ignorance, immorality and servility of the women of China, is the main obstacle to the elevation of the Chinese as a people. Like the Mohamedan nations of the East, and all heathen and barbarian people, they believe women to be a lower order of beings, without souls, to whom Paradise will be denied hereafter, and whose sole earthly mission is to minister to man and to serve him. For ages and ages this slavery has existed, and the Chinawoman is as perfectly satisfied with her condition as Madames Sherman and Dahlgren, and the Oberlin protestors against woman suffrage. Like these respected ladies they regard the woman who is dissatisfied with her condition as a most horrible and unnatural monstrosity, and the very few heroines that China has produced, are held up to posterity as models of sin and inspirations of the spirit of evil. Polygamy is universal, and the highest ambition of woman is to be a meek and humble consort to her husband, who is to her, lord and master.

Manufactures are being constantly encouraged and developed in San Francisco. Blankets and woolen cloths are woven here, which cannot be excelled in any portion of the world. The manufacture of silk is not yet in a flourishing condition, owing to want of capital, and to the great demand for cocoons for exportation. Several glove factories are prosperous, and promise to supply not only the home market, but portions of South America, the Pacific Coast States 33 and the Territories. Buckskins and dog skins are commonly used, the former for working gloves, and the

latter for riding and driving gloves. The buckskins are sold in our markets in great quantities by hunters and trappers, and are tanned at the different tanneries in the vicinity of the city. Woolen gloves of a very superior quality and finish, are extensively manufactured for Montana, and the more northern countries. Kid glove making will become profitable in time, when more attention is given to the rearing of goats, as yet, many so-called kid gloves are made of lamb, squirrel, and even cat skins. The sewing of gloves is generally done by woman, many of whom work at their homes as in the factories. At one establishment thirty thousand pairs of gloves are made annually, affording employment to hundreds of people.

San Francisco is a city that awakens the sympathy of the philanthropist and humanitarian more fully than any other of its size and natural advantages. The constant influx of strangers, from all quarters of the earth, and the numberless disappointed ones who came hither with golden dreams, which have never been realized, and the commingling of many incongruous elements, the dearth of labor and the distress consequent thereon, all touch the sympathetic heart. Earnest workers are attempting in various ways to do good and aid the unfortunate, but thus far all that has been done, is but to sow the seed, trusting hereafter to reap the harvest.

### **Gilroy in March**

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This little town is the present terminus of the South Pacific Railroad, and in its rapid growth resembles all the young railroad towns of newly settled countries. Like its northern sister, Young Deluth, it was not in existence three years since, its present site being at that time, one uninhabitable wilderness, while now its population numbers two thousand. 34 Gilroy is laid out like Superior City and McGregor, Iowa, that is, one continuous and exceedingly long street, upon which all the business houses and the most prominent private dwellings are located. For a pioneer western town, it strikes the stranger as a marvel of neatness. Its buildings are large and capacious, occupying much space upon the ground, nearly all one story in height, to render them less liable to fall from earthquakes.

California develops precocious growth in all things, vegetables, fruits, trees, children and cities. This rapid growth exhausts vitality and leads to early decay and often premature death. Something of this is apparent in Gilroy, whose sudden rise and progress seem to have arrived at a stand-still point. Business is very dull, and the tastefully arranged stores, whose counters display to the best advantage every variety of useful and ornamental wares, are lonely and deserted, evincing the want of the one thing needful to render trade active, viz, money. Capacious stores, whose thick venetian shades close out the cheerful light of our bright skies, attract many customers; and looking at the signs above their doors we read, "Sample rooms," and the nature of the samples sold there is made manifest to the stranger by the red noses and bleared eyes of the numerous customers who patronize these "sample rooms," which, like all the drinking saloons of California and the entire West, do a flourishing business, and in a measure account for much of the depression evident in the useful and happier vocations of life, since they lure their patrons to temptation and ruin, and unfit them for every good and noble purpose.

It is very pleasurable to turn from these well patronized whisky shops and their degenerate patrons, to the lovely natural surroundings of this town. Ranges of majestic hills raise their misty summits from all points of the compass, encircling it like a beautiful verdure-crowned fortification of 35 nature. Spring is far advanced, plowing and planting nearly over, and the hopes of a remunerative harvest thus far are excellent. Fourteen miles from here are located the Gilroy Hot Springs, celebrated in this State for their medicinal properties. They are sulphuric, somewhat resembling the Warm Springs of Little Rock, Arkansas, and are very efficacious for rheumatic diseases, coughs, colds and liver disorders. They are much frequented by invalids from this and the neighboring States, as Gilroy is easily reached by railway, and the last fourteen miles are accomplished by stages which run regularly twice a week.

This vicinity is largely settled by people from the South Atlantic and Gulf States with an intermixture of a "right smart sprinkling" of enterprising Yankees, and consequently the appearance of Gilroy is more pleasing and progressive than that of the neighboring Spanish towns. The Yankee element, like the English language, having absorbed all others until the individual identity of each is

lost, the good and evil of both, like tares and wheat, continue to grow together. Thus an enterprising weekly newspaper is published here, and churches and rooster fights are both well patronized on Sunday, and schools and drinking saloons on week days, and vice and immorality, as in older communities, rear their destroying heads amid virtue and purity.

The climate is very fine, never extremely warm or severely cold, with a dry bracing air, clear sunny skies and invigorating sea and mountain breezes.

From present appearances, crops of fruit, grain, grasses and vegetables promise an abundant harvest, so that notwithstanding the general business depression, which is so severely felt here at present, there is no danger of starvation, and with the beautiful semitropical climate and the few necessities of mankind, people can live pleasantly and happily, since there is less strife in making haste to get rich, than 36 in a more money-making and money-producing community.

## **Petaluma**

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The whole area of territory comprised in Sonoma county is greatly influenced in climate, productions, etc., by its contiguity to the ocean, a considerable portion of it forming the boundary coast line. Dense and heavy fogs arise from the sea every morning, creating a dampness and a dew which admirably supply the place of rain, and serve at once to irrigate and fertilize the soil, preventing those parching droughts so destructive to crops, and so discouraging to agriculturalists in more inland portions of the State. Consequently the harvests of such cereals and fruits as are acceptable to climate and soil are always reliable. The nights and mornings are too cool for the rapid growth required in the successful culture of corn, preventing its development and maturity, though the soil around the foot-hills is as fertile as in Illinois and the more central States of the Union.

The summer and early autumn fruits yield so abundantly, that trees break and split beneath the burden of their delicious harvests. Peaches and plums of many varieties are exceedingly plentiful,

and in flavor and quality are unexcelled in any quarter of the world. Apples become wrinkled and tasteless after being gathered a short time. They are largely imported from the Southern counties of Oregon, where they grow and mature finely.

Petaluma, sixteen miles southward among the mountains lies contiguous with a shallow stream or rather arm of the ocean, of sufficient depth when the tide is in, to be navigable for vessels carrying from sixty to one hundred tons burden. It is a quiet, orderly little place, with fewer whisky shops than the towns and villages in its neighborhood. Most of the early Spanise settlers have sold out and emigrated to Mexico, and other congenial localities, and a different 37 class of people taken their places. Consequently, the cock and dog fights, which were formerly the Sunday afternoon entertainments, have become extinct, and the seventh day is quiet and respected; business in the police courts is dull, and peace and order reign in the few bar-rooms which yet remain. A fine public library and two newspapers speak well for the intelligence of this little community on the Pacific. One of its drawbacks, however, is the great scarcity of fresh water. Owing to the long drouth, the cisterns are empty, and as the water from the stream is salt, this precious element of life is brought from a distance in casks, upon drays, and sold for seventy-five cents per hogshead. The streets are sprinkled with the salt water from the stream. Grass and herbage are sere and brown, but here and there fine patches of newly planted vegetables and fields of cereals are green and fresh, being nurtured by the heavy ocean fogs and dews.

The climate is cool and invigorating, and the dampness of the fogs is not unsalubrious, its effects being the same as in England, and its people greatly resemble those of that island in color, complexion and form. An old adobe house, formerly the home of an ancient Spanish governor, is quite a curiosity. It was built anterior to the ceding of California to the Union, and has been used as a fort in the Indian wars. Now it is a peaceable, dirty farm house; the cows are milked within its courtyard, and poultry roost upon its verandahs, while the pigs are fed from troughs beneath, and their owners live within its thick mud walls, all dwelling together in peace, like the happy family of a museum.

## **Santa Rosa**

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The capital of Sonoma county is situated on Santa Rosa Creek, an arm of the Russian river, and is reached by rail from Petaluma, sixteen miles southward. Its population is two thousand, very similar 38 in nature and characteristics to that of Healdsburg, and the surrounding country. A fine park of live oaks, directly in front of the court house, reminds the tourist of Florida, and gives a tropical appearance to the scene, both by their inviting and luxurient shade, and the otherwise careless and ill-kept appearance of the park. The court house, an old-fashioned building of red brick, is surmounted by a dome, ornamented with a marble statute of the Goddess of Justice, with her blinded eyes and evenly poised scales. An edifice for a Methodist College is in process of erection, which promises when completed to become a fine, handsome structure. Its cost is estimated at \$20,000.

Saloons are as numerous and superabundant as in every city, town and village throughout the length and breadth of the country. Santa Rosa is extremely dusty, as it is the only town of its size in the State whose streets are not sprinkled, and in consequence of the long dry season, the dust is over a foot in depth and almost unendurable; trees and foliage have a dull ash gray hue, and when the winds blows, its clouds remind one of the dry sands of Sahara and are nearly as suffocating. One newspaper is published here, which, though Democratic in politics, is progressive and liberal upon all the great questions of the day, too much so, when compared with the mental status of its home readers. The wheat crop in this immediate vicinity has been very heavy, and pecuniary prospects are expected to brighten, and business to be lively, "when wheat begins to move," as they say here.

## **Healdsburg**

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Is a beautifully located little town on the Russian River, in the central portion of Sonoma county. It is nestled amid the mountains, and its ocean breezes render its climate pleasant and very salubrious, It numbers about one thousand inhabitants, and is 39 connected by a railroad with Santa Rosa,

the county seat of Sonoma county. The lands in its vicinity are generally fertile, and are famed for producing the best potatoes in California. Though saline lands of a gentle nature are found now and then, their stony, glassy substances have no poisonous or destructive effects upon the poultry who feed upon them, as in other portions of the State. Small cereals yield largely, and even mature in protected localities. The water of the mountain springs is deliciously cool, soft and clear, and Mother Nature has bountifully endowed the regions in the vicinity, far and near. The character of much of the population is a serious drawback to progressive growth. It is principally composed of emigrants from Missouri and the Southwestern States, who are not particularly enlightened according to the ideas of Eastern progressionists. They make it their boast that they "don't care to read nothin' no how;" are disgusted with common schools and railroads, and "stuck-up Northerners," and speak of "selling off" and "clarin' out" to "new diggins" in some unexplored wilderness where the Yankee is not, and where they can end their conservative lives without being tormented by the progressive institution of Yankeedom. Twenty-four miles from Healdsburg are located the Geysers or wonderful California hot springs. In a tract of land embracing about one square mile, many of these springs are found, boiling and bubbling up from the bosom of mother earth, antidotes for numerous diseases and ailments which afflict her children. From some of these, pure soda may be obtained, and others are greatly impregnated with sulphur, epsom salts, copperas, salt and iron. They are becoming quite a resort, and have been visited during the past summer by tourists and invalids from the States and other portions of California. Their curative powers for rheumatism, and particularly dyspepsia, are really remarkable. Cases of the latter of twenty years 40 standing have been cured by the use of these waters in a week. There are also springs within three miles of Healdsburg, possessing excellent curative properties, but not as celebrated as the Geysers.

### **Los Angeles.**

Los Angeles, owing to its inland situation, presents an aspect of isolation to the tourist who visits it for the first time. It is located 20 miles from San Pedro Bay, an inlet of the Pacific, with which it is connected by a railroad, which is the only one in the State, at present, south of Santa Clara county. The coast range of mountains, in proximity to the Pacific extends through the entire length of Los Angeles county in a northwestern and southeastern direction. The city itself, is situated in an arid,

alkaline valley, clothed with a very scarce vegetation between it and San Pedro Bay, which is the case with the exception of small fertile tracts, in the entire surrounding country.

This portion of Southern California corresponds in climate to that of the south shore of Europe from the Bosphorus to Gibraltar. In clearness of sky, and in mildness, equality of temperature it is said to surpass the climate of the Italian and Spanish coasts, and those whose heaven is always farther west, ever beyond the pale of advanced civilization, pronounce it much more attractive. The mountain summits are covered with snow, consequently the wind currents which blow from them are cold, mitigating the natural tropical heat. The influence of the trade winds, inland from the ocean, though they increase the heat of summer and the cold of winter, are obviated by the regular sea breezes which make the winters warmer and the summers cooler. These varied natural causes produce a really magnificent climate which may truly be compared to a constant and beautiful spring.

Notwithstanding that large tracts of country are of an alkaline nature, wholly barren, presenting a 41 white, desolate appearance, as if the earth had been thickly dusted with flour, there are other more fertile portions, which though quite as arid in appearance, partake of the sandy qualities of the soil of Florida and the coast districts of the West Indies. These produce the fruits of the tropical and semi-tropical climates, in great abundance. Oranges and raisins are the principal productions.

Orange culture is a leading branch of industry. The trees flourish in the open air like common orchard trees of the north, and the fruit ripens from December to May, at a time when there are few oranges from the Hawaiian or adjacent islands in the Californi markets. Healthy trees in full bearing produce one thousand or more oranges a year, whose marketable value is estimated at from two to five dollars per hundred. The trees do not come to full maturity before they are ten years old, and will not thrive in arid soil without irrigation. There are many orange nurseries in this vicinity where hundreds of thousands of young trees are sown and then grafted before being transplanted into orchards. The orange tree is not as hardy as is generally supposed, at least not in this country, where it is not indigenous but imported, though with careful culture it is becoming acclimated. Many perish in transplanting, and in the nurseries they are subject to the attacks of gophers,



which destroy them, and a bug called the orange aphid which injures the leaves rendering the trees barren and causing them to perish. No method of killing this insect, or averting its destroying ravages has as yet been discovered, like the cut worm of northern climes, it comes, commits its work of devastation and then disappears without any known cause. The Los Angeles oranges are large, sweet and luscious, excelling the Florida and Sicily oranges in flavor and juiciness. Their rind is thicker and less smooth. Lemons, sweet and sour limes flourish and produce abundantly. Their culture is <sup>42</sup> similar to the orange and they are subject to the same diseases and destroying influences.

Next to orange culture, the cultivation of the grape is the leading agricultural industry of Los Angeles county. The production of wines and brandies amounts to thousands of gallons, and great quantities of fresh grapes are used in home consumption and for exportation. The Tokay and Muscat wines are produced superior to those in Europe, while Port, Burgundy, Hock, Claret and Champagne are said to be (by epicurian drinkers,) equal to the best vintages of France and the Rhine valley. The Malaga grape yields large, fine raisins, which command a ready market and remunerative prices. The fig tree thrives and yields abundantly in those situations which are on a level with the sea and exempt from the keen ocean breezes. Dates, palms, olives, English walnuts, almonds and peanuts thrive with little care and well repay the laborer for their cultivation. North of this city the country is unsettled and uncultivated, and where alkali lands do not exist, is well adapted to grazing purposes, though its liability to drought is a great drawback.

The population like that of all South California, is greatly mixed. Many nationalities and people find representatives here. Our Southern ex-slaveholding, aristocratic element, who believe that advanced civilization can only exist where the masses are illiterate, and hence subservient to the educated few, whose mission it is to be the governing and thinking power as is theirs to be the muscular and laboring power, and who, like the old Bourbons, learn nothing and forget nothing, have taken refuge here, where both climate and surroundings are congenial. Among them are many professional men, particularly lawyers. There are Germans from the Rhine land who cultivate the grape. Italians and French engage in silk culture, conservative Spaniards whose complexions and exteriors resemble the oil, the olives and the garlic of <sup>43</sup> of which they are so fond, and who have

progressed sufficiently to substitute cock fights for the famous bull fights which were the delight of their chivalrous ancestors; plodding, blinking, almond-eyed Chinamen, who engage in any and every pursuit, always useful and moderately successful in whatever they undertake; Mexicans, in whom the evil propensities of Spaniard and Indian progenitors are inherent; Jews, Englishmen and Irishmen, Digger Indians, and a very small proportion of smart unadulterated Yankees from “daown East,” who as yet wield but little influence among a population of five thousand souls, composed of so many races and such commingling nationalities. Not a single newspaper of advanced social, political or religious ideas is published in the whole country. Thieves, vagabonds and criminals from the “Upper Country,” as the territory of the North is called, infest a rendezvous in the mountain districts, and often make their way hither on their route to Mexico, which is their terrestrial paradise. In consequence of their lawless depredations, a vigilance committee has been organized, composed of some of the leading citizens, who occasionally hang a desperado or two on the piazzas or gate posts of the old spanish adobe houses, which seem especially constructed for that purpose.

Private and public buildings bear the impress of Spanish nationality, being constructed of adobe, in close proximity to each other, with the broad over-shadowing piazzas, without which no Spaniard's house is complete, and which are so connected that in the rainy season one can promenade the whole length of a street beneath their shelter. The gates to the courts or outer yards of these buildings are a curiosity, reminding one of the Medieval ages, with their great, pondrous gallows—like frame work, which seem solely constructed for hanging business. There are some handsome modern buildings, but the general aspect of the city is Spanish. Notwithstanding 44 the delightful climate of this portion of Southen California, with its lucious fruits and abundance and variety of wild game, it has many drawbacks, which serve to intimidate the ardor and peace loving emigrant. Its isolated situation, with its barren tracts of alkali, whose dust is very injurious to the eyes, its mixed population, the frequency of brawls, street fights and murders and the insecurity and immorality consequent upon tropical latitudes, its liability to severe droughts are all powerful causes which will operate against the future developement of this land of smiling skies whose olives

and vines are emblematical of a people who have never attained a high or permanent degree of civilization and enlightenment.

### **Upper Part of Nevada.**

At Bloomfield the almond and peach trees are in blossom. Five miles north, towards Moore's Flat, the snow is so deep that a wheeled conveyance must be changed for a sleigh, and the horses "slump" knee deep at every step. "How is that for altitude?" One's eyes must be protected from the glare of the sunshine upon the snow, or he may find himself nearly blind from the effect.

There is upon the north side of these mountain trees, a beautiful moss of the most delicate green. This is an inch or two in length and appears like hair, forming an over coat for the north side of the tree to protect it from the snows and winds of winter.

It is a strange thing that the people in these mining towns should keep such immense bull-dogs. Nearly every other yard is ornamented with one of these unhappy creatures, fastened to a stake. Owing to the diligence and enterprise natural to this breed of dogs, they are compelled to whine out a miserable existence of imprisonment in the open air, literally spoiling for an insurance agent or an itinerant book-peddler.

45

The style of this latter reminds me of a conversation I held to-day with a small boy about the size of a bag pudding, who was barefooted and engaged in hunting patches of snow for a sled made of a dilapidated washboard turned bottom upwards and bearing the patentee's name. I will here state that I found this boy as utterly incapable of sticking to a proposition and making a point, as some of our modern lecturers. When interrogated as to who might be the builder of his sled, he answered that "he had a shoestring in his pocket, and that he would rather go to Uncle Abe's and get some gum."

### **Colfax.**

The town of Colfax has now reached the age when, like most of its mountain contemporaries, it lives more in the past than the present or future. It is a pretty lively place about train time; after that is past, it relapses into a gentle slumber, like a family-watch-dog after the occasion for excitement is over. The people here think it vain to take a man's name until he has lived his life, breathed his last, and been carried out as dead as Julius Cæsar.

I wish the United States would go to war with some foreign power, the Kingdom of the Sandwich Islands, for instance, Mexico or some of the South American States, and make George Francis Train the General. There is a class of men living in every country who are only fit for a mark to shoot at, and California has her share of this blear-eyed population; men whose highest aim in life is to see how much whisky or lager beer they can hold. I had an encounter with a specimen the day I left Grass Valley. This genius was bound to sit upon the seat with me, and also that I should partake of the contents of his whisky flask. To this I demurred and filed a stay of proceedings. He seemed however, to recognize the accepted fact that women only live by toleration in communities, and that they travel entirely upon the 46 strength of man's generosity and forbearance. He gently reminded me of these facts, and when we reached Colfax, he searched to find if I had a big brother that he might thrash, while I went in search of a warrant. Alas for justice in Colfax! She has the rheumatism, and is slow as molasses in January! Before I could get the papers made out, and completed with the legal formula, the train came and carried this American voter where the "woodbine twineth," and I was cheated of that revenge so sweet, especially to women.

A remarkable catastrophe occurred in Colfax a short time ago. Two cats were playing upon the railroad track, in front of the depot, when a train came along, ran over them, and, strange to say, cut the ears off both the cats, and one had his tail taken off, while Providence, in His wisdom and mercy, spared the caudal appendage of the other. This is a fact, and the cats may be seen at any time in Colfax, alive and well.

Colfax has also its regular brindle dog, with terrible eyes and horrible teeth, grinning in a mouth that has the appearance of being lined with red flannel. O! shades of Crockett—but Crockett was never an insurance agent nor an itinerant book-peddler in a mountain town of California.

### **Gold Run.**

Gold Run has the appearance of being a very small town. I am informed, however, that it polls as many votes as Dutch Flat, and that it sustains as many saloons. During the day, when the men are at work in the mines, the place is as quiet as a Quaker meeting; and if the Modocs we read of, were to attack this town in the day time, it would be likely to surrender until the miners returned at night with picks and empty bottles. Then it would be retaken, as the Indians would fill themselves with fire water during the day, and it would be an easy matter to pick them 47 off at night, and throw the bodies into the miners' flumes, where the water is so deep and runs so swiftly, that about a thousand Modocs could be disposed of in one night. Their corpses would go bobbing through, about, above, around, over and under the Sierra Nevada Mountains; and land the Lord knows where, and Providence don't care. I have fought this battle and conquered the enemy, and the people of Gold Run are entirely ignorant of the whole affair.

The hotel in this town is a good place to stop at; it is kept by a fair-haired Dane who endeavors to make the traveling public a comfortable home for the time; the yards are nicely cleaned. The grounds about these country hotels generally abound in old boots, shoes, rags, hats, bones, oyster cans, cast off paper collars and uncorked bottles. This mixture, in all stages of decay, sends up a thousand odors to the sleeping apartments of the wretched traveler, and if it were not that his days are spent entirely in the open air, he must surely contract the lame leg epidemic, the cerebro spinal meningitis, or perish for the want of breath.

The men of this place have called Scripture to their aid, and justify themselves in working on Sundays as well as week days, by quoting that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. There has been a bible agent here holding prayer meetings. This will do among women, for it is an acknowledged fact that the gods will never hold women responsible for the work

she performs on Sunday. This agent said something of an unkind nature to a woman about “His lambs that had been taken to the upper fold.” He also spoke of the woman as a “dam,” and of the shepherd, I awaited to hear if he would mention the man's name in the figurative sense. He said nothing more, but went his way and shortly after I met him serenely sitting in the door of 48 a saloon—the great leveler of creeds and nationalities when it comes to business.

An acquaintance of mine gives it as his opinion that I have been afflicted with “catology from early life.” He might have added “dogmatics” also. These animals form a part of our domestic institutions. I love them and sympathize with them, and recognize their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, providing the happiness of the animal does not depend upon annihilating my unfortunate itinerate fraternity.

Gold Run has its remarkable dog. This creature has taken a prejudice against milk venders. He boards at the hotel, but has contracted with a respectable sow in a neighboring yard, to furnish him with the lacteal fluid. This canine may be seen several times a day taking his chances with the younger members of the sow's family.

### **Dutch Flat.**

Just now Dutch Flat appears somewhat like a huge bouquet of fruit blossoms, with mountain shrubs for background, and this bouquet has just been nicely showered. The clerk of the weather concluded to favor us at last with a downright good rain, and everybody put on a smile of peaceful resignation; even the frogs gave a concert at six o'clock last evening. One of the most remarkable things about this town is that it has a temperance hotel. A person can get nothing to drink in this house stronger than fresh buttermilk, and it is such a fine, wholesome beverage that if all the saloons kept it for sale lager beer would speedily fall into disuse. When I was sneezing at the rate of sixteen times an hour, it was with difficulty that the clerk of this hotel could be prevailed upon to visit the neighboring bar and procure a glass of rum and molasses that I might have a “night cap” in order to raise a perspiration.

On the 18th inst. the men of Dutch Flat raised 49 3 money by a raffle to send a poor invalid home to his friends in Canada. So much for humanity and unorganized charity.

There are at present not less than four citizens in this place who have lame feet or sore toes, and go upon crutches. This scene reminds me of a picture I used to see about forty years ago in "Peter Parley's Primary Geography." The engraving represented a fussy old pedagogue with a disabled foot resting upon a chair. This wonderful cut was underlined with the following pathetic words of appeal: "Take care, boys, do not run against my sore toe; if you do I shall tell you no more stories." Some call this a "frontispiece," but to me it was a "masterpiece," and I have asked nearly a thousand questions of as many different persons, to ascertain if possible how that old schoolmaster came to have a sore toe. Could never find any one wise enough to give me any reliable information upon the subject. Since then I have looked upon sore toes as a mystery past finding out. It would be well for Brother Taylor, the founder of the "Champions of the Red Cross," or any individual of similar enterprise, to organize a secret society known as "The Order of the Great Toe." The object of this order should be to mend broken door-knobs, replace shattered window panes and readjust the tumbled down door steps of a poor distressed brother. The sound members of this order should have no jurisdiction over the widows and orphans of our afflicted brother, because he might be alive and still not be able to be kicking.

What a loss to the Government that the job for exterminating the Modocs was not let by contract for a certain stipulation to Ben Holladay and Geo. Francis Train. These individuals could not afford to take from time to eternity to settle this little affair, as they have something else to attend to. The Government would then have been to no extra expense, the 50 probabilities are that if there had been more dispatch there would have been less sweetness wasted upon these *desert heirs*.

### **Blue Canon.**

When the benevolent angel who spends most of his time in naming new places passed over this town in his christening boat, he saw that it had the appearance of being draped with a thin blue veil. The shrubs and trees showing through, made it look like beautiful tracery or raised embroidery,

so he concluded to call it Blue Cañon, and it has been known by that name ever since. No one ever told by whom the Book of Genesis was written, and I am not going to say how I came by the above tradition. The frogs here held a monotonous dialogue last evening. One saying, "Will you give credit! will you give credit?" Another answering, in deep bass, "I will give credit, I will give credit." A third, in a voice still "basser," said, "Don't you give credit, don't you give credit." Later in the evening, about the time honest folks retire, I heard them say, "Get up, pay up, dry up"—the last clause has reference to the weather, undoubtedly. This town, like its western neighbor, Alta, has a good hotel, a telegraph office, a passenger and freight depot. Here endeth the first chapter. Directly in front of the hotel are forty Chinamen at work, having been engaged all Winter cleaning the track of snow and other obstructions. Now the springy bank is running down in a liquid foam, and would keep the track mostly covered but for these miniature laborers.

They do so much remind me of the white headed ants. When viewed in a mass, they seem so nearly of a size, the sameness of their straw hats, and the little fussy motion is very like ants or bees at work.

These men are paid twenty-eight dollars per head a month, and board themselves. I am exercised occasionally about the Chinese Question. I think it 51 would be well for the New York *Herald* to send Livingston Stanley to plant a Chinese colony in Central Africa. This is represented by him to be a fine country, and it would be just the place for the surplus population of China. I am at a loss to know whether the English claim Africa by right of discovery, *a la* Livingston, or whether it belongs to the New York *Herald*; if it should be the latter, I suppose it will in time be settled with some race of Democrats.

A girl eleven years of age, daughter of George Coyan, fell into a miner's flume and was carried about five hundred yards, passing over two falls of water in the meantime, one twelve, the other twenty feet high. She at last caught hold of a bent and crawled out without assistance, but was so stupefied that she could not tell what had happened to her. She has recovered from her bruises, and is now able to attend school. She is a fleshy little dump, and says she sat upright all the way on her perilous ride. Grace Greenwood recommends this method to the ladies of Washington, who desire



to descend the stone steps of that city, to gather up their skirts, and slide, as being the only reliable mode of descent.

### **Truckee.**

Bidding adieu to Blue Cañon and Placer county, I find myself passing through the shadow and the valley of the Central Pacific's terrible bridges, shady snow-sheds and dungeon tunnels. Through the occasional streaks of light the inside of the tunnel may be seen ornamented with several rows of telegraph wires, looped up at equal distances with knobs of black glass, or some material which is a non-conductor of lightning. I do not clearly understand how the electric current can pass through the pendent icicles which hang like strings of fish upon the wires. At length the summit is reached. Here the track appears to take the form of a coil of rope, and in the unwinding descent the train dances the "Money 52 Musk" with Donner Lake. We first make a low bow in order to look through the window of this little sheet of beautiful blue, lying nearly hid between the mighty hills. We are told that this lake is called "The Gem of the Mountains." Just then we lose sight of it, for the train goes down the middle, bows, takes a turn up the outside, swings around Donner Lake; in going around one short curve the cars all balance to their partners, take a grand promenade, and then we make our last bow to the tranquil little sheet, and behold the beautiful lake no more. The peaks of perpetual snow look coldly down at this flirtation, while I draw nearer to the stove and congratulate myself upon the possibility of never needing another summer wardrobe. The wind comes from these snow-clad mountains with the unpleasant breath of a northern April, and is suggestive of croup, epizootic and influenza.

We reached Truckee in time to see the immigrant train, consisting of sixteen car-loads of happy, hopeful-looking people. The Truckee *Republican* has no doubt informed you before this how the bachelors surrounded the train. They really did behave like men going to a fire in a lumber-yard. If a person took a side view and kept the vision within a given range, one could only see a long row of boots with the tops all leaning toward the train. I surrounded the train also, and in fifteen minutes had conversed with the free-hearted, out-spoken North-Westerner; had received a suspicious grunt from the close-fisted Yankee; a pleasant answer to all inquiries from a fair-faced communicative

Irish-woman, "just one month to-day from Ireland, by way of New York," and a vacant stare from a stolid Englishman, in ponderous feet-gear, tight, moleskin pants, close-fitting vest and skull cap, carrying next his heart four large loaves of bread. May the Fates prosper these people and blight the hangman's crop in this State. California needs something; perhaps that something is immigration.

## 53

For diligence in business, in money-saving and general industry, one of these new men will be worth a dozen old Californians. There is a large band of Indians strolling about this town. When I first saw them it occurred to me that the Modocs might have escaped and come to Truckee. I am informed that these are entirely a different tribe, perfectly inoffensive, although well posted upon Modoc affairs. Not being subject to the game laws of the State, made by the white man, for the white man, they come here to fish, and resort to any unlawful means to catch trout, which they sell for money with which to gamble. Playing cards seems to be about their only lesson in Christianity. The squaws and children huddle together upon the lee side of a large boulder; here they play cards from morning till night. Their garments are a kind of mottled grey, being composed of goods of all colors. They wear red-cotton handkerchiefs upon their heads, and remind me of the little red-headed wood-pecker of the north, who spends most of his time in tapping the hollow beach tree. It was a wise provision of the Indian designer that the squaws were not made to be very prolific. Who ever heard of an Indian woman with nine small children and one at the breast. Truckee has a female barber. She is fat, fair, forty, and a success in the business. All the men in that vicinity keep closely shaved. Much praise is due the woman who dare do a legitimate business, notwithstanding the barbarous opinions of so-called civilized society.

Truckee has again been visited by the fire demon. On the morning of the 6th instant, at 3 o'clock, the engineer of the westward bound train discovered the fire and gave the alarm at the time the train was about starting. The fire originated in the hay loft of a livery stable. Although there was no breeze it spread rapidly from one street to another. The buildings being entirely of wood, the illumination was complete, and one could see to read in any part 54 of the town. The people of Truckee are evidently accustomed to fires, or else there were many strangers present who were waiting for an introduction. The crowd seemed to take the destruction of other people's property

with the most philosophical resignation. I approached a placid looking individual who was sitting in a chair (apparently provided for the occasion) and suggested the propriety of removing some wagons, step-ladders, cheese presses and sundries that must have been of some value, and by their removal would have prevented the spread of the conflagration. This placid individual assured me that he had seen larger fires in New York; that he was a member of a fire company in that city; knew how to manage fires; but was a stranger here. There is a little engine running upon the road; it belongs to the railroad company, and is used in cases of fire upon snow-sheds, bridges or railroad buildings. This engine was brought by the railroad hands, the alarm of fire sounded from its whistle, a piece of hose was attached to the machine, and the engine placed beside a railroad tank. In this way the buildings across the street were saved from the flames. The road hands and a few interested citizens worked their best, but did nothing more than prevent the fire from crossing the streets. After the flames had finished their work, and there had come a feeling of comparative safety, the crowd repaired to the numerous saloons in the vicinity in order to get a free treat as a reward for their quiet and resigned deportment during their neighbors' calamities.

The day following I met the placid New York fireman. He immediately recognized me as the person he talked with on the night of the fire, and I commenced to relate the conversation of the previous evening to some bystanders, supposing that all men were willing to abide the truth and defend their own positions. I was mistaken, however; this individual, like most men, supposed that things seen by women 55 were as good as not seen at all. He manifested great sensibility; declared that he worked the whole time; denied occupying a chair at all, and walked off muttering something about "putting a head on, if a man."

This individual was evidently ashamed of himself, from the fact of having claimed the free drink with the workmen who had really worked to save the property of the proprietors. Heaven should be the immediate home of all persons so much estranged from earth's inhabitants as to stand coolly by and witness the destruction of property without raising a hand to assist in saving it. I am convinced that women should become firemen—they are so much more excitable than men that they would be liable at least to make an effort to do something. Four horses were burned while Providence, in his wisdom and mercy, spared the life of an enterprising goat, also the life of the toper who set

the place on fire. I speak of this goat as an enterprising one. I was an eye witness to one of his daring feats. Last Sunday a showman put a large yellow poster upon the side of a boulder; this goat watched the posting process and the man until the bill sticker was out of sight. The goat then walked up to the poster, smelled it all over, and no doubt came to the conclusion that everything which grew upon rocks should be food for goats. It was impossible to get a nibble from his then position, so he passed clear around the other side, mounted the boulder and slid down fore feet first, tearing up the paper in his decent. He then turned deliberately around and commenced chewing the poster. When he had about half devoured it he began to shake his head and walked off. I suppose some of the exaggerations of the advertisement were choking him.

The water in this place not being corrupted by the dirt from miners' flumes, is as clear as that of the rivers in the Northern States. Immense trout are 56 caught in Truckee, weighing all the way from one to seventeen pounds. These creatures belong to the finny, but not to the scaly tribes. Some travelers stopping here have staid awake all night that they might go fishing at 4 o'clock in the morning; then come home with a fisherman's luck, and buy the trout of an Indian with which to appease a hunter's appetite. Such is life. If men will spend their time in civilized pursuits they cannot expect to excel in barbarous occupations. Nearly every house in town is ornamented with extensive fishing-tackle.

These fishes are caught and taken to Sacramento and San Francisco, and sold for a large price. The river of Sacramento might supply *them* with fish, but the waters are so cloudy that it is doubtful if even frogs can subsist therein. Lumber, wood, trout and prisoners seem to be the principal exports of Truckee; immigrants, Indians, grizzly bears and whisky its principal articles of import. There is said to be trains passing through here every day loaded with immigrants, a few of whom tarry here. The Indians come and go, "where no man knoweth," something like a flock of garrulous crows. There was a traveling showman, and he had with him an immense grizzly bear. The keeper bought four dozen loaves of bread with which to feed Bruin. The number of fishes I did not learn. This bear made a corner on bread and created a panic in the market, and there has been such inordinate haste on the part of dealers to supply the demand, that bread in an underdone state has been rushed upon the market, and many of the citizens in consequence are suffering from a raw dough obstruction of

the esophagus. This bear, not content with making a corner on bread, went after a side-saddle that was hanging in the corner of his apartment, and endeavored to devour that. The keeper forgot to mention the circumstance, to the landlord at the time of his departure, and when the proprietor of the bear's boarding-house discovered 57 the corner off the saddle it created another panic, and he immediately telegraphed to the wary keeper to return and settle his bill.

Yesterday, in this place, an American voter became very dizzy from imbibing the last-mentioned article imported to Truckee. He stretched himself for a doze just outside of the walk in front of a saloon. Some benevolent boys saw him, and concluded that he was dead and should be buried; so they set to work, brought pine, cedar and spruce boughs with which to cover him, as the robins brought leaves to cover the "babes in the woods"—these evergreens being emblematic of the man's everlasting verdancy during life. After a mound had been made that bore some resemblance to a funeral pile, two rough boards were brought—one placed at the head, the other at the feet—each bearing this inscription: "John Frank departed this life the 20th of April, aged 49 years. Peace to his ashes." During the obsequies an individual approached the mound with a large tin pail filled with cold water, with which to refresh the evergreens that had been placed about the head of the deceased. The last I saw of this performance was the dripping head of the defunct voter coming on a level with the sidewalk. He was not at that time able to articulate, but, like dear old Robinson Crusoe, was making an effort to do so.

### **Boca.**

Boca is a railroad station situated eight miles from Truckee, on the C.P.R.R., and as far as brevity is concerned is appropriately named. The principal articles exported from this place are lumber, trout and ice, this being the point whence the San Francisco and Sacramento markets are supplied with the latter article. The ice-house is built convenient to the track, and is 480 feet long and 40 feet wide. This structure, with that of a wood-house 400 feet long, presents a vast deal of roofing to the beholder.

There is one steam saw-mill running night and day, one saloon ditto, one night watch, an express, telegraph and postoffice, one dry goods store, a boarding house and one fine residence. Everything visible about this place is of the most combustible nature, and if a fire were to get abroad, it could scarcely do less than devour every dollar's worth of property. The inhabitants have taken extra precautions to secure themselves against such a calamity. Nearly every house or place of business has one of Babcock's fire extinguishers placed upon a shelf in a corner of the room. The saw-mill turns out thousands of laths; these are set up in bunches to season, a hundred in a bunch, and cover considerable space. These stacks resemble a miniature encampment of Indians, teeps or wigwams seen in the picture books.

About fifty white men and thirty Chinamen are said to be employed in this place. The scenery is rather fine, although the mountains present a brown, barren appearance. Still Boca is not so much unlike other boquets as one might think at first sight; the principal difference being in the outward appearance. It certainly possesses one of the main qualities of other boquets, for it is fragrant with the delicious odors of new pine lumber. The Truckee river comes meandering through the mountains of this place, and having added to its store the waters of one or two large tributaries, is a much more dignified body than when seen near the summit. It comes tearing, dashing, roaring down its rocky course, and is what the English writers would call a "brawling mountain stream."

Trout fishing is quite a business here; eleven hundred pounds of these delicious fishes were shipped below to-day.

## **Reno.**

We leave that fragrant little Boca in a storm of snow and rain. As we proceed eastward by the 59 C.P.R.R., the mountain peaks become magnificent in their moving mantles of transparant snows; and as the mist is driven before the wind, it forms in long folds, reaching up and down the hight of the peak, and suggests the idea of thinly clad ghosts flitting around these venerable piles, playing blind man's buff, or hide and seek. Although it is late in the season, many of these mighty elevations still wear dresses with white groundwork, ornamented with trees and shrubs of a very doubtful

green. The breath that comes from these distant hills would lead one to believe that although the Polar doors had been left ajar by Dr. Kane, they have not been closed by Captain Hall.

At Reno the following morning the storm still continues; it has softened into a cold, disagreeable rain, and instead of the ghostly folds of white, the mountains are draped with mantles of purple mist. At this point the Truckee river begins to prove its claims to the dignified name of river; it shows its power by branching out and surrounding little tracts of land, forming islands, imitating some corporations in its headstrong way, to surround and hold all unclaimed lands on its march to lake or ocean. Reno is situated in a dry, barren section of country, everything having a bleached appearance. The sidewalks are bleached and full of holes. The Washoe zephyr, of which Mark Twain makes mention, keeps the streets with a fearfully swept appearance; these gusts of wind literally scattering the old boots and cast off paper collars to the four winds. One of these zephyrs caught me and I came near being scattered in the same manner. The trimmings of my skirt answered to the buckets of a dip water wheel, which the wind struck with such force as to cause a revolving motion. I might have continued turning around until this time, but the current concentrated all its force upon my hat, and it rolled just as the plate did when the dish went after the spoon. I do not think that 60 anything but a fairy could have caught up with it, but that it lodged by a stick of timber, where it was made to leap, dive, and dance a hornpipe by the merciless zephyr.

All serene again in this part of the country. The sun is shining on the contented face of nature as if nothing had transpired different from the ordinary course of things. It seems almost mockery for old Sol now to overcome the clouds, come out and greet with smiles the smoking earth, when nearly all kinds of vegetation has been destroyed by frost, which his timely presence might have saved. The people of Reno sing the hymn that has the line in it that says, "December's as pleasant as May." For three nights the gardens were covered with all kinds of clothing; in the dim light of the cold moon they appeared like a congregation of sleeping camels or hunch-back ghosts. The ever-present sage brush is the only green thing not injured by the frost. This reminds me of the terrible impatient expression of countenance upon a little boy who was coming on the cars to California. He became so tired of the everlasting monotony of sagebrush, that he turned to his father and said: "Papa, why don't the people cut down this ugly weed?" His father answered, "Because there are no

people living here, my son.” “Well,” said the boy, in an impetuous way, they should cut it down anyway if they do not live here.”

For a few days past, during the late storm, the clouds have hung around in such impenetrable blackness, that one would be led to think that this mountain range was the nursery of all the great thunder and wind storms for the whole continent. Yesterday these clouds sent their peace commissioners, only a few came, and those turned themselves wrong side out to show their silver lining. Their presence with this glorious sunshine brings to mind the story of the rainbow that was set in the clouds to show to man that the world should never be drowned again. There 61 is a peaceful beauty lingering around these sacred myths that lend as much consolation to the imagination as the most philosophical truths do to the reason.

The season of Spring in the country is the same in disposition as that of which Thomas Hood, the poet, sings. The skies are overcast with clouds, that send their spleen upon the mountain peaks that are lying nearest to them. All manner of breezes revel through this valley—gusts, gales, simoons, whirlwinds, nor'wester, sou'wester, and the zephyr. To-day we have had a regular “sifter;” this means that the winds have driven the dust through every available crevice, and continues to sift sand and gravel upon the roof, producing the sound of a violent hail-storm. Three-fourths of the male population in this valley are bald enough for Congress. I do not mean to insinuate that wives are unusually violent upon this side of the Sierras, on the contrary, women can carry very little sail in this valley, but that this agitation of the elements is unsurpassed this side of the desert of Sahara. All kinds of vegetation (except the everpresent sagebrush) presents the pale and feeble green that characterizes the pale and struggling vegetation of a more northern climate. This valley, called the Truckee Meadows, is said to be very fertile. The land is mostly under cultivation and held at a high price. It is easily cleared of sagebrush, and when once done is cleared forever, as this plant cannot bear irrigation any more than the native Indians can civilization. As they have but little more rain here than in California, the land must be irrigated. The means for this are abundant, as the Truckee river and Steamboat creek both pass through the valley.



The principal article produced upon these farms is the alfalfa grass. Three crops of this grass can be raised in one year. One acre will produce about six tons in the three crops. The average market price is twenty dollars per ton. This grass is said to be the 62 richest and best known food for cattle, and, if permitted, will kill themselves eating it, whether it is green or dry.

There is an immense water power in this locality, which will sometime be used for manufacturing purposes; and as the wealth of the country increases, Reno may become a very flourishing town of many thousand inhabitants. It is the county seat of Washoe county, and has a new Court House which cost twenty-seven thousand dollars. It has also a very polite and handsome set of officials, none more so in two states, unless at Nevada City, California. In the jail there are ten criminals, mostly for petty offenses, there being but two indictable cases in the lot.

When men make boundary lines to a State, I should think they would pay more attention to the natural divisions. For convenience to all concerned, the California line should be drawn at the summit. Truckee and everything east should be in Nevada, then this State would get its share of criminals. California, with its grand individuality, should be content with the west side. When women get to running boundary lines it will take several generations for them to right the mistakes of their forefathers. The women of Reno show their appreciation of being emancipated from the wash tub by making their social calls on Monday morning.

Reno forms quite a little metropolis for those towns and villages located some distance from the railroad. Fifteen or twenty "prairie schooners" set sail each day for these various points, all loaded with some kind of merchandise—a compound of dry goods, solids and liquids. These immense wagons are built so high at the sides, that when a number of them are huddled together in a yard, a little stretch of the imagination will convert them into mineature vessels, lying upon the dry docks for repairs. The canvas covering, always in a state of more or less delapidation, answers 63 to the reefed sails upon a disabled craft. These wagons are drawn mostly by mules. I have a great sympathy for these poor creatures, because I believe they have suffered from prejudice, bigotry and slander. What a meek look of pious resignation these poor, dear beasts always wear! I really believe that if one of them kicks, it is because he knows that he is a martyr to man's avarice. With all the

misrepresentations these poor creatures receive, men give them the credit of being very intelligent and sagacious. In all probability this fact is the prime cause of the kicking propensity. I will keep a proper distance from these creatures, however, simply because I do not expect mules to know so much more than men do, that they can discern their friends from their enemies.

The Washoe Indians that linger around this town are getting pretty well utilized; the women are good washers, and are frequently employed to saw and split wood in small quantities; to carry water and perform numerous little pieces of drudgery, for which they receive refuse food from the white man's table; enough to last for the day. It is seldom they are paid in money for these little services, it being better economy for them to receive the broken food, as they get a larger quantity and a greater variety than they could buy at first with the money earned in this way. The Indian men manifest a disposition akin to the masculine dignity of civilization. They do not come around the houses looking for jobs, but hie themselves to the river to fish, while the squaws provide the daily bread and little relishes. These Indian women can not make fine distinctions in conversation. I do not think they clearly understand the difference between a falsehood and a joke. One of them said to me that "all the white Mahalies in Virginia City saw wood." She knew perhaps that I had never been there, and knew nothing of the peculiar habits of *those* "white Mahalies," and was not prepared to contradict the statement. This Indian woman, without doubt, intended to impose upon my credulity. This was not more barbarous in design than an act performed by a long, lean, lank, crusty, rusty editor that I met the other day, who told me that his name was "Ferguson." I am credibly informed that this was a sell; that there is no such man in town. If the representatives of a Christian people and the Christian press will set such examples, what can we expect of the barbarous Washoe Indians who borrow their ideas from civilization.

The Sabbath school of Reno had a picnic on the 24th inst., and quite unconsciously celebrated the birthday of the English Queen. At the outset there was a misunderstanding between the committee of arrangements and the railroad men. The former had agreed to give two hundred dollars for a train of passenger cars, while the latter expected that amount for one caboose and the remainder platform cars. After some contention, the representatives of the road compromised by accepting one hundred and forty dollars, then all went well and merry as a marriage bell. The party stopped at a distance of

about twenty miles from Reno, near the celebrated Bowers' place. Here they exchanged views, and sighs and glances, ate their lunch, and returned home at six, tired enough to suit the most fastidious.

The people of Reno are smiling at a late decision of the Supreme Court of this State. One Mr. Lake obtained a charter from the State Legislature for a bridge which he had built, spanning the Truckee river. One of the conditions of the charter was, that no other bridge should be built within a mile of this. In time the V. & T. R. R. came, and in its irresistible and rapid march, crossed the river one-half mile from the above mentioned bridge. The consequence was that Mr. Lake sued for damages. The Supreme Judges decided that a railroad bridge was not a *bridge* but a *structure*. The people of Reno have concluded that the railroad structure now crosses the bosom of a *lake*.

65

The inhabitants of Reno, like those of all newly settled places, have a tendency to lend and borrow. In this locality alfalfa is legal tender. The publishers of newspapers take grass in payment for subscription, with occasionally a pup thrown in, diversified with mule-shoes, trout, and cord wood. The girls mitten their beaus, by insinuating that they may go to grass. I sold a picture to the keeper of a corner variety place, and received in payment a pint of fresh buttermilk. Beggars in large cities have been known to borrow a neighbor's baby in order to excite public sympathy. In Reno they borrow and lend setting hens, wheelbarrows, sawhorse and sometimes wood—the latter article they seldom return. The County Court commences a session to-morrow. The expectation is that some of the cases of borrowing will be decided illegal. All phrases of life are represented here as in large communities. There are great men and wise men. Those who boast of having descended from some of the F. F. V's, whose forefathers would not lie, and those whose forefathers for generations have seldom been seen upright. There are persons who rejoice in the following very significant cognomens: "James Fisk," "Bismarck," "Bombastese," "Furiosa," and "Billet Doux!" Shades of Tom Moore, think of going from the cradle to the grave a living love messenger.

### **Leaving Reno.**

Going eastward from Reno we have a beautiful panorama of mountain scenery. There is an interesting diversity in the picture which appears to glide past the moving train. At one point, bare hills lift their majestic heads, forming a hazy background for the green, productive valley front. At another point, and apparently but a short distance from the rich valley, their frosty heads form a queer contrast with the neighboring hills; still they do not "curl up and die," in vulgar imitation, but wear the white covering which Nature gave them with the dignity of respectable old age. In one locality, within the range of one's vision, may be seen the barren hills, fertile valleys, rugged rocks, snow-capped peaks, uniting "January and May;" the placid lake, the smoking spring, the former like transparent clouds at the foot of the mountains; the latter like the smoke of everlasting incense arising from the altars of the gods of nature.

On the way from Reno to Franktown we pass deserted villages, ruined quartz mills and dilapidated bath houses. The land upon which some of the most important springs are located, has been in litigation for a number of years; both parties being ruined with the great expense of conducting a land law suit. Even the winner could not go on with his business, his habitation being burned by the incendiary, and the heated soil for which so hotly they contested, is mostly deserted. Now there is but indifferent accommodations for the afflicted who seek the troubled waters. Last Sabbath I attended a picnic at the famous Bowers Mansion. The house is most beautifully situated at the base of a range of mountains, giving a magnificent view of the farm in the valley, directly in front. The slope is just about as one would desire. The scene takes in Washoe Lake, which lies at the base of the range of hills across the opposite side of the farm from the house. This lake and the scenery about it is said to resemble the Sea of Galilee, although much smaller. The fields look beautiful; the rich alfalfa grass forms a dark green plush covering, in which the cattle rejoice. They appear the very pictures of animal enjoyment. There are a number of Hill's fine pictures in this house, among them one cattle scene; but a thousand of Hill's cattle pictures could scarcely compare with the animals upon a real hill. The vegetation of Nevada resembles in kind and quality that of the Northern States much more than the California vegetation does. The above mentioned farm and most elegant mansion are to be disposed of by lottery. The farm consists of one hundred and forty-eight acres of as fine farming land as there is in the State. This and the house will be drawn

with one ticket. This is a very fine location for a boarding school for girls, and the accommodations are firstclass, both in the house and upon the grounds. The house has all the modern conveniences and appliances. There are green houses, bath houses, artificial lakes and fountains. The baths are supplied with hot water from Nature's boiling cauldron. I was never tempted in the least to invest money in lottery tickets before. Knowing as I do, that this lottery is not a sham gotten up by a thieving company to swindle the public; that all the prizes are desirable, I shall surely invest, remembering an old adage, "Nothing venture, nothing gain." Putting this with the remarks of the German who said a few more drinks of lager beer and it will be "all de same." In buying tickets one can also feel that they are helping "a poor, distressed sister," who is desirous of getting rid of an estate which is rather a charge than a comfort to one about to retire from active life.

I judge from a notice that I saw upon the door of a place of public resort, that politics are not running very high in this State just now. The contents of the notice are as follows: "Do not ask to borrow money, if you would spare yourself the pain of a refusal." It is very evident that several months will elapse before the next election.

### **Carson City.**

The heated term has commenced at last. Since the 3d of July, how to keep cool has been all the cry. The hot sand scorches one's feet and hourly brings us in sympathy with Shadrech, Meshach and Abednego. When the sun strikes fairly upon the wooden walks, it threatens to set them in a blaze. Awnings are put in order; parlors are made dark as prisons; wire doors and windows are in great demand; the Hoosier Fly Cage is visible, and is said to be the only thing that prevents the ice from being fly blown; the pigs lie in their mud baths; poodle dogs, that have not been sheared, creep under the sidewalk; the voice of the bird is silent as if listening for the Washoe-zephyr; the perspiring voter freely imbibes his favorite beverage, quoting the Thomsonian theory, that it is necessary to keep the inward heat higher than the outer at any cost. A regular trade wind sets in every afternoon, the same as it does upon the sea coast. This wind is said to be manufactured upon the mountains, for the especial comfort of the inhabitants of Nevada, it is so much like San Francisco. It blows a regular gale every afternoon with few exceptions, filling the air with every

conceivable transportable thing. Occasionally there falls a few drops of rain, but for a general thing the clouds are influenced to pour out their copious draughts upon these venerable piles of matter lying nearest to them. Many persons believe the clouds can be induced to come nearer the valleys with their coveted fluids, if groves of trees are extensively planted. It must be a philosophical fact that clouds are attracted by other matter, as they would never cling to the hills as they are known to do.

These hot days cause this town of a thousand smells, to send forth an effluvia which has become offensive to the standing "boards," and for fear of cholera or some other pestilence, they have concluded to sit. Since this sitting I have observed one bonfire and one garbage wagon. The authorities should issue a proclamation that every citizen shall clean up his premises and the street or streets adjoining. Wagons should be hired to cart away the trash, and be paid by the State, if there is no city fund for that purpose. This could be done under some special necessity act. There are Indians and Chinamen by the scores, affording abundance of cheap labor, each property owner could employ and pay these people to do the 69 shoveling, and this offensive stuff could be dumped at the foot of that snow-capped mountain and there left to freeze.

The people of Carson are very sensitive. They are apt to see things *through a glass* darkly. They are also inclined to be politic. This is perhaps owing to the fact that it is the Capitol city, and the center of politics. Some of them have hinted to me that even truths should not always be freely discussed. I am aware of this, and for the sake of humanity, and love of the Carsonites in particular, I have suppressed an ocean of truths, hoping that time, a few more cases of brandy and a few burial cases would bring them to a sense of overwhelming duties. There is not a city in America that has better facilities for bathing and keeping clean than this beautiful little Carson, but what does beauty amount to with soiled face and person so unclean as to send forth unpleasant odors? What style of beauty pleases when clothed in rags and dirt? There are many fine buildings in Carson and some stately structures. The Governor is a model of personal excellence and genial affability. The officials and business men in general are handsome and polite. The women are fair and trustworthy. The children are gay and happy, but I am informed, reliably, that they would be more so if the schoolhouses were better ventilated. O, Carson! arise in the might of thy strength and put thy streets

in order, for although the days of the epizootic are numbered, the cholera may yet appear within thy limits! Several cases of illness have occurred where the symptoms were exactly like those described in cholera, only it yielded to vigorous medical treatment. I have heard of none proving fatal, in fact did not care to investigate, deeming it bad policy to know too much about an unwholesome subject.

Carson passed quietly through the fiery ordeal of celebrating the nation's birthday. The explosion at Virginia City spread a feeling of quiet sadness over the community. Few guns were fired; and but few of those explosive abominations—fire crackers—were heard throughout the day.

Old Abe Curry's ball was a success. This was about the only thing done to celebrate the Fourth in Carson. The day was very warm and still, there being only a sufficient breeze to keep the stars and stripes flying. There was much drinking among a certain class of voters, and occasionally a fight occurred, just to show that there is fighting material still left in the United States of Hamerica.

Carson has a whirlingig for children; this is managed by men, and turned by horse power; is covered with canvass like a tent, and makes a pleasant and safe place for juveniles during school vacation. There are seated boxes which answer for carriages, and wooden horses with bridles, fierce, terrible looking steeds, so that persons can ride on horseback or in a carriage, in a fine procession going swiftly around without the jar of a real vehicle. This city is soon to have another newspaper published by R. R. Parkinson, the first issue will make its advent on Monday, the 14th of July.

The weather in Carson resembles that of early Spring or Autumn of a more northern climate. Although it is June, a Summer month, the air is very cool; some days the sky is overcast with clouds, but like the shrew, they threaten what they never intend to perform, for it is so arranged by the clerk of the weather as to never rain here in Summer. There is not a people living who have a better appreciation of fine weather than the Carsonites. If the sun shines a few hours in the morning and the elements remain placid till noonday, everybody seems happy and ready to greet others with one accord in regard to this all-important topic. I do not feel bitter towards this people because of their peculiar climate; on the contrary, give them credit for much philosophical forbearance and constitutional endurance. Everybody keeps remarkably healthy, notwithstanding the unpleasant

agitation of the elements (which may be conducive to health) and the uncleanly condition of the streets. The latter I am sure agrees with one portion of the domestic institution, namely, the pigs. They claim a stamping ground near my lodgings, which remind me of the Chicago stock yards. These creatures are numerous, fat and happy. They live in the center of civilization, move in respectable society, bathe in the chemical waters, recline upon *down* beds; what more could the most exacting pig require, even at the hands of the great animal defender, Bergh?

Carson City is not properly named. This place should have had one of those good old English names, either Windchester or Windham. There would have been a shadow of appropriateness in such naming; as it is, Carson means nothing, unless it be the hero of one of Ned Buntline's frontier stories. Carson City, like most towns of its age, has many structures in all stages of respectability, and many in all stages of decay. Upon visiting its back streets where the residences are located; one will observe a house presenting a fresh attractive appearance; the yard flourishing with every green thing. Upon the premises adjoining may be found a ranch, or several pig styes, with conveniences for mud baths near the entrance of the front gate. The streets and gutters abound in every article of cast-off abomination to be found in a well filled junk shop; and to make matters worse, they are in all stages of decomposition. If the city fathers do not make an effort and remove these street nuisances, according to the Darwinian theory, the next generation will be born with turned up noses. Darwin in his philosophy, proves that every thing in nature originates from some necessity. It does not require any very great stretch of the imagination to conclude how that style of proboscis originated, as it is a well known fact that the above mentioned physiognomy is most frequently met with among the unhappy 72 denizens of filthy back streets and wretched tenements. So much for the Darwinian theory.

Rheumatism is about the only disease known to the inhabitants of this locality; and it is my opinion that if those who are subject to this complaint, and those who are not, would wear flannel, and enough of it, the year round, and use water as a beverage, this terrible affliction would appear less frequently.



I think there must have arrived at Carson lately a cargo of jews-harps, from the fact that scarcely an Indian man or woman is to be seen but what is engaged tuning one of these gentle instruments. The fat "Mahalies" pass upon the street playing the harp and screening their elbows from the jostling crowd. Sleek looking Lo's sit in squads upon the sidewalk discoursing sweet music, apparently supremely bles't and happy. They must be happy or they could never keep such a quantity of adipose tissue about them. I am wondering if we, in our unbounded ambition and undefined civilization, do not, upon the whole, pay rather dear for the whistle; but then we might as well be engaged in paying dearly as in doing nothing. To be sure, in civilization we lose our health, and teeth and our freedom; still if we are not so short-sighted as to give up the first and most important principles, we do not deserve to have them, and are only fit for slaves. The only person that I ever envied in my life was a woman who had a place with her apple stand under a lamp post, on one of the principal streets of the city of New York. She was engaged for forty years or more in this occupation, was happy, and had sense enough to realize it. Her health was perfect, her teeth were sound, her appetite good and her conscience clear. She was not obliged to follow fashions, to eat with a fork, be bored to death with small talk, or higgled into consumption by Mother Grundy notions. In short, she escaped all the miserable, brainless, contemptible bickerings of what is called society.

## 73 4

Carson is to have a grand public ball on the night of the Fourth of July. This ball is to be given by our mutual friend, Old Abe Curry, so that these favors are *curried*, you see. The affair is to come off in one of the spacious rooms of the new railroad structure, fine buildings, I assure you; and when I get through describing minor localities and the inhabitants thereof, will give an account of the structures, as they deserve some particular attention.

The people of this city have been somewhat agitated lately over the attempted rape upon the person of a little six-year old girl, by Judge Waitz, a well known citizen, at present engaged in the United States Land Office. Waitz is a short, heavily built man, of fine personal appearance and captivating manners, has a sugar-loafed head, however, broadest at the base, and an unenviable reputation for

“baser” qualities. The child is a pretty little innocent of the Evangeline modest type of beauty, not precocious in any respect, but more like an infant than most children of her age. The Judge has been examined by a court of his *peers*, and of course acquitted honorably in the face of overwhelming evidence against him. There was much grumbling and some threats, and if the child had been seriously injured, his fellow townsmen would have paid little heed to the decision of his *peers*. The editorial in the *Appeal* appearing the morning following the examination, read as do some of the defences written for Henry Ward Beecher, leaving the reader entirely at the mercy of his own opinions at last. This man should not have been tried by a jury of his peers, but by women, even as Laura Fair was tried by men. Women should legislate and fix the penalties upon this class of crimes entirely, as they are the parties most interested. According to the late decisions of the court in the case of Susan B. Anthony, we are not citizens, never have been, and of course are exempt from the duties devolving upon citizens. 74 As I am not a citizen, I am going to have my revenge in punning those who do enjoy citizenship.

When a man's brains are the broadest at the base, he is generally of the “baser” sort. Such baseness should be properly treated and judiciously employed. He should only be permitted to live in basements, to engage in putting down base boards, in scrubbing base, or teaching through base, should also be paid off in the basest metals. Should be fed upon bass cooked with a bass wood fire, thoroughly baked and basted. His only amusements should be that of playing base ball, or a bass viol, or that of hiding his own baseness. He should only sing bass; should recline in the shade of the bass wood. His wardrobe should be basted, then if he continued to conduct himself like “baste,” and the evidence is not entirely baseless, he should be sent to the Bastile and severely bastinadoed or basted for his “bastilliness.”

### **Virginia City.**

Virginia City has its share of landscape beauty notwithstanding narute's furniture is always dressed in monotonous tufted brows. There is a beauty in the scene that stretches far away through undulating valleys, as far as the eye can reach, without the obstruction of vegetation. Upon the other hand, there is grandeur in these mighty sentinels who rear their heads heavenward and keep

a continual lookout over the busy city and minor hills which dot like bubbles, the surface of the valley landscape. There is in one view a brown sugar loaf, something for the eye to rest upon, sweet in name, if not in nature. This loaf seems to have been put up to drain, and the honeycomb perforations may be seen at a great distance. The fluids have been formed into a well defined rivulet, with trees growing upon the banks, and many other green things. So great is the altitude of the city, that these trees look like patches of green moss, or lettuce beds in the distant intervals. Gold Hill 75 and Silver City, from the railroad, suggest the idea of a flock of wild geese alighting upon a barren hillside for a rest from their fatiguing migration. Contrast shows so plainly upon the brown background, that the white spires of marble monuments in a cemetery, reminded me of a flock of swans stretching up their snowy necks as if preparing for a rise and a flight to more congenial climes. The clouds occasionally form themselves into a grand picture at sunset, just to remind us that they pour out their cooling draughts upon more favored lands. According to the opinion of some philosophers, when the earth gets righted upon her orbit, and assumes the position originally designed for her, that there will be more democracy or equality of climate. This coast will then get her share of dampness without drawing so heavily upon old Bourbon. As it is hardly compatible with the disposition of man to wait for the uncertain workings of nature, or rather the theory of philosophers, I have a suggestion to make. That is, that the Government employ, at a living salary, George Francis Train and the Claflin family, to create a current which shall knock the earth off its orbit, cause it to turn a summersault and reverse the poles, and trust to a kind Providence to restore order and the desired equality of climate. Without doubt Virginia City could furnish the giant powder and nitro-glycerine, and the subterraneous caverns where the explosives could be planted. The melted lava needed for mixing comets could be brought from South America in a balloon, as it is not a safe commodity to put on board vessels. This advice I give partly because I feel an affection for a people who need more moisture, and partly from the fact that I, as an individual, would like to establish a reputation for being a philosopher as well as a political economist. This plan of knocking the earth off its orbit, will be considered rash by some, but the most conservative mind must admit that the idea is grand and quite as practical as some of the new 76 fangled social theories. It is my opinion that Virginia City is not an orphan, but that it has both father and mother living, from the fact that the pigs do not monopolize the streets and

walks, making good the saying, "Blessed are the orphans, for they have no mothers to spank them." When I was in Carson, a gentleman gave me a quit-claim title to four enterprising black pigs, about half grown. One morning I discovered a hole in a bridge of sufficient capacity to swallow up my pig family, the great fat mother included, and it was near the rendezvous of these Christian animals; I became anxious, and thought it would be wise to complain to the City Fathers before anything serious occurred. I looked in every saloon in town, and at last found them in a basement, contemplating an institution of long-necked bottles, all more or less rheumatic and incapacitated for mending bridges. The speaker of the party said plainly that the building of those structures was quite as much as the present adult felt able to contribute to the populace. That the rising generation must attend to repairing roads and bridges. I heaved a sigh and exclaimed. "How long, oh Lord! how long shall we wait for the rising generation to attend to these little matters?" I sold out my interest in those swine and left Carson considering it an unsafe city for stock raising.

Virginia city and the surrounding country has a character peculiar to itself. The country is entirely minus vegetation, every latent seed in the soil having been destroyed by the persistent efforts of old Sol. The native Virginians stand broiling as if they had, individually, constitutions suitable for martyrs. The thermometer reaches ninety in the shade, and boils over in the sun; I think it would be favorable to hold protracted meetings of an orthodox nature, as the least allusion to fire and brimstone would bring the most indifferent audience en masse to the anxious seat. The streets are dry and dusty, the bricks are 77 starting from their mortar fastenings, the shingles upon the roofs curl up ready for the sparks that may call that way, dogs and donkeys cease to move their pendant ears, the ducks give a dry crackling quack, geese have no saliva to loose in vain and idle hissing, Canary birds have the asthma, the organ grinder has long since dried up and blown away. A matronly old cat was obliged to share the duties of wet-nurse with a neighboring feline, in order to supply the maternal wants of two little kittens. The most presumptuous buffoon dare not advise his companions "to dry up." It was reported that at 6 o'clock P. M. August 2d, the new water works would be completed; at that time there commenced a brisk firing of heavy guns which was kept up till midnight, if not longer. Poor trembling little dogs crept beneath the furniture for protection, thinking that the city was besieged, or that it had taken another dose of nitro-glycerine. The day

following, everything was dry and warm as before. The voter drew his moisture from a barrel through a glass and straw as usual. The blood-thirsty house bugs kept up their same diligent untiring search for game; even the transparent infant bug, no larger than a pin head, and with his first tiny red jacket, keeps pace in the chase with the tough leather-colored old settler, who, with difficulty, can be dispatched with hob nail or hatchet. I am afraid from the foregoing facts, that the water works are not as yet a success in Virginia.

This country is said to have much mineral wealth concealed beneath its rough and uninviting surface, and some of the more industrious natives are constantly at work digging in these mines. It is difficult to tell how they dispose of their wealth, as little of it is used for solid attainments or permanent improvements; without doubt, much of it is exchanged for vulgar fineries, injurious stimulants and hurtful drugs. I do not think the native Virginian a God-fearing man, and often wonder why the people who first discovered this city do not send missionaries here as they do to the various islands of the sea. The Indians of this locality have corrupted the white men by teaching him how to drink, gamble and waste his time, the same as the heathen Chinese have corrupted the Anglo Saxon of the Pacific Coast.

The native Virginians have some queer customs, many of them not unlike those found in other countries. If they see a young girl on the street, and desire that she should become a hoodlum, they persist in calling her by that name, and treating her like a hoodlum, until she is led to believe that she must be a natural born sister of that order; else why should men say so? When in this state of mind, having no self-respect, she can be easily prevailed upon to take the veil of that order, if for nothing else than to get out of sight of men and women who have endeavored to make her what she is. You can see by this, that like other families of the human race, the women have too much regard for the opinions of the male. This peculiar way of making converts forms a considerable feature in the religion of the native Virginian.

The women wear upon the tops of their heads a pyramid of flax and foreign matter, almost a foot in height, and immense rings in their ears made of sea shells. This custom of wearing the hair in this manner is said to be encouraged by the priests of the hoodlum men, and which is called society,

because it is known to affect and suppress the feminine brain; it is generally supposed that women with well developed, healthy brains are dangerous to society. The women have another absurd custom; that of trailing their drapery in the dust. Whether this is a religious rite performed as a kind of penance or an offering of their finery to the gods, I have been unable to learn. I am inclined to think, however, that it is done in penance, because most frequently practiced by a class of women who have most need of penance. The 79 costumes and manners of this peculiar people will be continued in our next.

There has been quite a change in the weather in this locality, so much so that the sober Virginian sleeps under an additional blanket. The new water works are now in a promising condition, still I do not see the anticipated results. I expected to see the grateful waters pour out of every faucet, as it did from the smitten rock; to tear, rush, rumble, gurgle, dash, plunge through every sink of iniquity, sewer and gutter. Before the new water works were completed, many persons, in order to raise a moisture and save the expense of a water bath, resorted to the use of Dr. Monroe's Medicated Vapor Baths, which are known to be so effectual, as in ten minutes to distil five gallons of Fredericksburg lager, through the cuticle of an averaged sized Virginian.

Dr. Newton, the famous magnetic healer, is now in this city. Whether this man has the power to ruin all the cork leg establishments, and crutch manufactories, I cannot say, but certain it is, that he is heavily charged with lightning, magnetism, fire and brimstone or some unknown agency. The feeling produced upon touching his hand, was a sharp stinging sensation, the same as that caused by handling the brass balls of a galvanic battery. The Doctor intends visiting Grass Valley before leaving for his home in the East.

I promised in my last to continue my description of the Virginians, a most peculiar people, who manage to live in a country barren as the desert of Sahara, both in water and vegetation. You have already been informed about how they manage to procure sufficient moisture with which to sustain life. Their bread is brought from foreign countries. Think of it! There is not a single lettuce bed or wheat field to be seen. The sound of the scythe or threshing machine has never vibrated this starving atmosphere. No wonder the air is thin; there is nothing for it to feed upon. When these

people build a house so high that it is considered unsafe, because of earthquakes or tornadoes, they demolish the upper stories, thereby cheating the elements out of their prey. When they have occasion to punish a man for any petit offense, such as murder in the second degree, women stealing, kidnapping, or such like, they confine him in some dark, lonesome place, deprive him of his accustomed beverages, so that his addled senses return, and he has time to think. Sometimes it is very difficult for him to escape from these places, still if he does not succeed in getting away, they usually give him his liberty for his pains, as the trouble of using his brains and exercising his faculties in making an escape is considered a sufficient punishment for most light offences. In former times they frequently resorted to the death penalty. Sometimes this penalty was inflicted because a man killed his brother, possessed too much money, and sometimes for borrowing other men's wives. As there are no natural projections in this country by which a man can be hanged by the neck, as done in other places, they tie his feet, draw a sack over his head, then throw him into some mining shaft fifteen or eighteen hundred feet deep. Here the prisoner is left to grope about in the dark until he perishes from loneliness and thirst. If a young lady desires to go to a foreign land for the purpose of learning to make mud cakes, cook, or play upon the hand organ, they give her what is called a benefit. First of all they make her swear that she is not in quest of a dilapidated crowned head, or musty old duke, or any other fussy fossil of a foreigner, that she shall marry an American in America, or forfeit her right to make quilts after the pattern of the stars and stripes, or to pluck the feathers of the eagle with which to make downy beds. After she has shown a willingness to abide the counsels and admonitions of her countrymen, they all assemble at 81 some appointed rendezvous, each person paying an admission fee. The sum of money paid on this occasion depends entirely upon the condition and location of stock (strange to say, this is a stock-raising community). If the stocks are upon the hills they are more accessible and easier taken to market; if the stocks are down in the valleys, they bring less money, consequently a scarcity of that commodity prevails. The money raised in this way, the young lady is expected to use in defraying her expenses to another country, which she usually does, unless she has a big brother who gets it away from her to spend at the gaming table. The business men in some localities place their signs upon the tops of their buildings that they may be seen by those occupying a higher position in the world.

On the 15th the sky became overcast with clouds; it thundered constantly and threatened more than considerably; sprinkled a little; finally, in the night, showered quite earnestly. I think the clouds must be attracted by the new water works, in this instance verifying the text: "Where one has, more shall be given." The water works are at last completed, and said to be in good running order. Since the shower the air seems much cooler, and even everything seems to have taken a bath; nevertheless "down with the dust" is all the cry among the natives of this peculiar city.

The Virginians are extremely sensitive in regard to attacks or insinuations made against their reputation for virtue and their knowledge of fine arts. This is right—just as it should be. The very name Virginia means a great deal, still I can not help thinking that there was not much forethought exercised in naming any of the towns and cities of the State of Nevada. Carson should have been called Windchester; Virginia, Shaftsbury; Gold Hill, A-shan-tee. If space permitted I could suggest several other very important improvements, just to give you an idea how 82 things will be revolutionized the morning that the greens come up after women have been admitted to citizenship.

The freedom of the press is somewhat restricted among this peculiar people. Each newspaper office is guarded in some way entirely unknown in other countries. The editorial rooms of the *Chronicle* are guarded on two of the cardinal points, at least that would have been vulnerable but for great wisdom and some generalship displayed by the inmates. In the first place there is an entrance from one street where it is fourteen feet from the ground to the doorstep, and stairs have never been erected to unite the space. The editor carries in his boot leg a ladder constructed from guttapercha. After making his ascent he draws it up after him. Some have said his track I see, and I'll pursue, but there is no use; this ingenious contrivance somewhat intercepts the scent of his pursuers. Alexander Dumas would have delighted in such an invention, that he might for a time have eluded the pursuit of his creditors. There is an inside door leading to the printing office. This door is without latch or knob, nothing but a spring bolt, and when the door swings to it fastens itself, and entrance from without is quite impossible, unless by the friendly aid of the editor. The former proprietor had a knob to the door; this being removed leaves a small aperture through which the inmates can take a birdseye view of their visitors, and are enabled to tell Red Riding Hood from the wolf, and



they have the good sense to always let Red Riding Hood in. The Virginia *Enterprise* has a brand new office, fitted up in convenient shape, everything savoring of pecuniary prosperity, the effect of which has brought on brainless audacity. The entrance to this office is guarded by the head and shoulders of a wolf, with spiritless glass eyes, and formidable looking teeth; and this wolf holds in his mouth a sprig of the shamrock. I think this is to show that the Irish element can be 83 Republicanized or that the Republican party are fast becoming Democratic in the offensive sense of the term, and that in time, if not now, their offences will smell as rank to heaven as that of any party who have become surfeited with power and plunder. The Gold Hill *News* office is guarded with the stuffed skin of a small English bull terrier, which goes further to prove the proprietor's affection for a former friend than to show that he has enemies which must be driven away regardless of expense. This dog skin was not put up to frighten women and children; they are known to be friendly with little dogs. The wolf's head in the *Enterprise* office was put up for this purpose; surely it could be for no other, for it is a well known fact that the *male bore* of our country is not afraid of wolf heads, dog skins, creditors, the gallows nor any other creature.

There has been a succession of showers in these parts lately, and the weather is delightfully cool. The atmosphere has the peculiar Indian Summer haze so common in the Northern States during the months of September and October. Since the cool weather commenced many persons seem troubled with a slight inflammation of the palate, which, in some cases, extends to the nasal organ, causing an extraordinary demand for pocket handkerchiefs.

Virginia is a curious city; the people have such an underground way of doing business. There is very little visible above ground here except men, smoke-stacks and chimneys. They as a people are somewhat Turkish in customs and manners. They chew, smoke, swear, gamble and drink. The women seldom appearing on the streets, and when they do appear are nearly always veiled. Notwithstanding the women are seldom seen in public, the men say that their morals are no better than those of the women of other countries; and some of the vulgar men speak with disrespect of their lawfully wedded wives. In this they resemble the people of Turkey. Verily human 84 nature is vastly alike the world over. There are several paintings in this city that should have an additional wardrobe for the sake of the masculine modesty that unconsciously comes in the presence of these

pictures. It is surprising how men neglect to guard the morals of each other, while the meanest loafer among them is always more or less concerned about the morals of the gentler sex. This zeal has been carried to such an extent that men have been known to make perforations in the walls of a lady's sleeping apartment that they might detect any improper associations; and women have been found who were wicked enough to procure hose of suitable dimensions and squirt a preparation of Cayenne pepper and vinegar into the eyes of those zealous moralists.

The stove pipes of this city, like everything else, are peculiar; they have aspirations. It is said that if they are not as high as Mount Davidson they will not draw. These pipes have a fixture upon the top something like a cross, and if persons were not better informed they might think at first sight that this was a Christian community, and that these crosses were emblematic. It is nothing of the kind; it is only the sign of a contract with zephyrs that play around Mount Davidson that they shall not enter the chimneys at the top, but at the sides. If the gusts came in at the top it might interfere with the draught, and there is not a people living who make greater use of this little monosyllable than the native Virginian. They quaff their draughts and laugh; they cash their drafts and quaff; they change their coats to avoid the draught; and upon draught horses they'll bet their pile.

The first two weeks after pay day the native Virginian is happy. Then he lives and does considerable business in the way of gambling, drinking, betting, and having a good time generally. After the middle of the month, the nature of the "music" is entirely changed; the entire business of the community becomes slack, and money almost ceases to circulate. The native runs behind in rent, board, liquor and laundry bills, and would be a bankrupt of the worst kind but for the next month's installment, which in some instances is sufficient to set matters again to rights.

### **Carson in Autumn.**

The winds of approaching Winter already begin to tear through these barren valleys at an alarming rate, threatening to annihilate the visible works of man, and if entire destruction is impossible, to cover them with native dust until their works are at least invisible. The clouds which gather around these hills are grand beyond description when they assume the color of a cluster of ripe grapes, and

fairly darken the sun with their blackness, threatening to descend upon these sons of the mountain and to set them afloat like rats in a gutter. The mountaineers have learned to look upon these awful clouds without fear or trembling, and only send up a silent prayer that the clouds may pour their precious drops through the atmosphere a sufficient length of time to lay the dust, lately sent abroad by the thorough going zephyr.

The attempts of mother Nature in this vicinity, to keep up appearances or an outward show in regard to the change of the seasons is really distressing. Those miserable little tufts of sage brush and other desert shrubs, whose nearest approximation to the color of vegetation is brown or blue—these shrubs, actually putting on Autumn airs, have donned their yellow Fall garb, without even the excuse of a frost for changing their colors. This effort reminds me of the unseemly exertions of a miserable, impecunious family to appear in respectable suits of mourning at the demise of an inebriate father, who, during life, literally cursed his family, and at best encumbered the earth much longer than was profitable. The 86 miserable and unfortunate seem most anxious to imitate others, although they may be least able to do so.

Carson City has donned her Autumn apparel, and is really lovely in her new costume. Her breath is sweet with the perfume of falling leaves and ripe fruits, and this October air brings with it a coolness, a freshness and sweetness not found in the balm of a thousand flowers. I have always known that Carson was a beautiful young daughter of the desert hills; have also known that in matters of personal cleanliness her early education has been somewhat neglected. Imagination, a Washoe zephyr and a suit of new gaily colored garments have greatly improved her entire appearance, besides making her presence very agreeable.

### **The Reno Fire.**

Reno has fallen. She has at last managed to get up a first-class fire, after many unsuccessful attempts, and now lies in ruins after the manner of more eastern cities. The drawings representing the ruins of Chicago or Boston will answer as well for Reno. I never fully realized before that towns were made of houses until these buildings took flame-colored wings and flew away, leaving

scarcely anything behind to remind one of their former presence. The fire first appeared at 10 o'clock at night, and as there is no fire department in this city, the devouring element had everything its own way entirely. Although the weather was calm and the moon looked coldly down, the fire continued to spread until it seemed as if there would not be a match box left upon which to strike a match and light a cigar. For about three hours there seemed to be more confusion than terror. All kinds of goods were hustled into the street, and mingled in the strangest possible manner. In one instance I observed a nest of coffins standing in the middle of the street; a large cheese had been placed upon these 87 "empty tenements," and the fire was fast converting it into Welch rarebit, when some one came and deposited a lot of small fruit in the coffin. They were then snatched from the flames, placed upon a cart and driven to a place of safety. The jaded mules of the neighboring teamsters were pressed into service for the night, and I cannot imagine where all the wagons came from. The stealthy Chinaman appeared upon the scene, and frequently sought the shadowy side of a building, in a suspicious state of inflation. There were no lives lost and no one seriously injured, and upon the whole I think it was the happiest fire that I ever attended. Three engines were called for, one from Wadsworth, a second from Truckee, and a third from Carson. They arrived at the ruins in time to wet down the hot embers and prevent further trouble in case the wind should rise. A telegraph operator in San Francisco continued to call the Reno operator, when the latter answered that the former might go to—a hot place, for he was too busy fighting fire to answer questions. Most of the goods were saved, and the people of Reno do not feel disposed to complain at trifles.

The morning after the fire, at about eight o'clock, I entered the State Journal office, and found that it had been literally riddled of its contents, although it escaped from the flames. The front of the building was composed of glass doors; these were removed to a place of safety, leaving the entire end of the house minus an enclosure. Upon going to the back part of the office I found the State Journal asleep, lying upon a trundle bed, his face and eyes terribly swollen from the last night's excitement. Seeing the trundle bed, my maternal instincts were at once aroused. I drew the clothes over his shoulders and left him alone with boots on the gable end out of his office, the sun shining in where his press was, his files disordered and scattered, and the Journal so tired and shattered, that he might have been 88 kissed for his mother and would not have thought it a bother.

There is one consolation amid all Reno's desolation; that is, that satirists will not be able to locate another bed-bug story in this town for the next thirty days, as everything that was left standing was either bed-bug proof or so much heated as to make them untenable for this insinuating denizen.

### **Notes of Travel.**

Leaving San Jose, northeastward from Sacramento, we pass over one of the most beautiful and fertile tracts of country the world possesses. Crossing and re-crossing Sierra Del Monte Diablo mountains, which belong, properly speaking, to the Coast Range of the California mountain system, the eye is delighted with an ever-varying and most picturesque landscape. Now level, undulating and fertile, then hilly and less productive, becoming gradually mountainous and very sterile, then suddenly crossing a clear, meandering mountain stream, whose crystal waters reflect the iron horse as he rapidly bears us across, bringing the blessing of pure, sweet water to the inhabitants of its valleys, while its banks bloom like a well cultivated garden.

The waters of the San Joaquin river (pronounced by the natives, San Waukeen,) are dark and muddy with the soil which is swept into them from the mining regions in the mountains. The San Joaquin valley is a great grain producing district. Thousands of tons of wheat are still awaiting shipment, the home market being glutted with bread-stuffs of every kind. Plums, figs, almonds and grapes grow abundantly. The latter are pruned till they appear as though nothing remained but the roots and a branch or two, yet they very soon grow to vines and yield an abundant harvest. Foreign markets are needed for California fruits as well as grains. Such vegetables as beets and carrots, grow to an enormous size, the former 89 sometimes weighing fifty pounds. They are unfit to eat and are fed to cattle. The crops are looking well, the rains having been all sufficient during the past season. The grass has been twice cut. A great profusion of wild flowers bloom around the base of the mountains and in the valleys. Among those the yellow violet, with a dark center, and the California poppy are most numerous. The latter are very poisonous, and the cattle avoid them with that brute instinct which teaches them their dangerous properties.

The experiment of importing cashmere goats promises to become a success in this valley. The goats soon get acclimated, and will eventually become very profitable to their owners. Great herds of cattle and immense flocks of sheep and fine pasturage upon the sunny slopes of the hills and in the mountain valleys. The sheep are sometimes watched by a shepherd, who appears to the tourist like a very picture of indolent repose. As we saw one reclining lazily upon a mossy bank, resting his right arm upon his crook, we recalled to mind a libelous anecdote of one of his confreres, an Alpine shepherd, which we cannot forbear repeating. A traveler among the Alps relates, that in his perigrinations he found a shepherd weeping bitterly and apparently in great distress, and upon inquiring what the trouble was, the shepherd replied that he was very hungry. “Well *get up* my good friend,” said the traveler; “come with me and I will attend to your necessities.” “O, Good Sir,” replied the shepherd; “if I choose to *get up* I could get my own dinner, which is in that basket hanging in yonder tree. If you wish to do a kind act, please bring it to me, for I have not energy enough to fetch it myself.” “Not so, friend,” was the answer, “if you are too lazy to *get up*, why then starve.”

The sagacious instinct of the shepherd dog is truly wonderful. The utmost reliance can be placed upon him, for he never neglects his trust, always keeping the sheep within a certain limit and guarding them 90 from wolves and other dangers. He certainly deserves an eulogistic encomium, for however indolent his master may be, he is ever on the alert, and though he may suffer the pangs of hunger, he has never been known to attack, kill or eat a sheep.

Northeastward, nearly midway between San Jose and Sacramento, we find the fine flourishing city of Stockton. Its population is about ten thousand. The State Lunatic Asylum and one or two other public institutions are located here. Stockton is considered one of the healthiest resorts on the Pacific slope. In its vicinity are numerous hot and mineral springs, which are recommended as potent cures for rheumatic and neuralgia affections, dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, etc., etc. Many invalids annually resort thither in search of their lost blessing, health.

The location of Sacramento renders it unhealthy and subject to agues, fevers, and all diseases of a malarious nature. The sudden melting of the mountain snow swells the rivers and creeks to such

a degree that the city and surrounding country are often inundated, producing great destruction to life and property, and additional malaria is caused by the receding of the waters. Notwithstanding these natural disadvantages, and the dull times of which people complain everywhere, Sacramento is steadily improving. Many buildings are in process of construction, some of which are fine palatial structures, but the greatest number are modest, genteel, little cottages, adapted to the wants of families who desire to live pleasantly and keep out of debt upon a small income. There is a pressing demand for dwellings of this description. Fine business blocks are also being built. The Odd Fellows' Temple is, with the exception of the State House, the most costly and magnificent structure in the city.

The new State House is not yet complete, but gives architectural promise of elevating the tastes of 91 future law-makers of Modern Ophir. May their habits be likewise elevated. We couldn't make out any particular style of architecture, but concluded it was built after a mixture of all styles. We endeavored to take an inventory of a small mountain of whisky, wine and beer bottles and oyster shells with which it was surrounded, but our mathematics failed and we gave up the attempt in despair. Won't we women have a time cleaning these Augean stables of wine bottles, whisky bottles, beer bottles, cigar stumps, broken pipes, tobacco juice, etc., etc., when we *vote and legislate*. It's a fearful responsibility, O California legislators, and though we shall assume it with prayerful fear and trembling, we shall not hesitate to do our duty when the hour arrives.

Her restaurants are one of the features of Sacramento. These are numerous, generally cleanly and well kept. Many travelers and even resident families procure their meals here, as in Paris, Berlin, and the European capitals. A masculine waiter receives \$40 per month and expenses, while the female waiter, for doing exactly the same work, and doing it with greater dispatch and more adaptability, receives \$20. What a comment upon the injustice practiced and upheld by the *voting* towards the *non* -voting citizen!

But, "For the desert a fountain is springing," for laws have been passed during the present session of the Legislature which make important changes in respect to the rights of women. It is now provided that the earnings of the wife shall not be liable for the debts of the husband; that the

earnings and accumulations of the wife and her minor children living with or being in her custody, if the wife be living separate or apart from her husband, shall be the separate property of the wife; and that the wife if living separate or apart from her husband, shall have the exclusive use and control of her separate property, may sue and be sued, without joining or being 92 joined by her husband, and may avail herself of and be subject to all legal process in all actions, including actions concerning her real estate.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### **A Lady Farmer.**

I am going to tell you a fact, that all woman's rights women are not old, homely, and husbandless. I have been up the country and found a woman who is strong minded and at the same time beautiful, who carries on a farm, attending to all the business the same as a gentleman farmer. She raises fruits, grapes, grain, cattle, horses and hogs, hires farm-hands, manages and discharges them at pleasure, besides attending the duties of her house. Her family is large, still she entertains much company with an ease and dignity that would grace a queen. After dinner instead of showing us new dresses and bonnets, she took us to the hills to look at a fine drove of "Dolly Varden" cattle. These creatures recognized the voice of their mistress and came licking around as if she had been Lot's wife. I placed myself in close proximity to a fence; not that I am *afraid* of cows, but in case they should become too personal in their attentions you know that a strong minded woman *could* climb a fence. While we were standing upon one of those beautiful foothills it occurred to me that men could be compared to these hills, which, viewed in the distance, appear to be of more consequence than they really are. When one comes close to them he finds each hill surrounded with a smiling fertile valley, abounding in "milk and honey," "corn and vines." While the mountain majestically lifts its brown bald head like man, passing 93 for all it is worth, the rich teeming valley below, like the noble works of woman are overlooked. When it came time for us to leave, she drove us to the depot with a fine span of bays, handling the reins with the firmness of a man and the grace of a truly beautiful woman. While we were enjoying the mountain scenery she entertained us with stories of heart trials which came upon her in other days, and how she sought comfort in her bible



and always found it. This was related with that true womanly faith and simplicity so charming at any time of life. And while listening I could but think why did not the Gods create a few more such strong minded women to make glad the hearts of humanity? If I were disposed to worship any thing that moves in this mundane sphere, it would be a noble, free, independent practical woman.

### **A Shocking Phenomenon**

About a mile and a half from Carson City, in a northwesterly direction, there is a farm house that was occupied for several years by a lady who has just been telling me how much she was annoyed by the singular fact of having her cooking stove frequently charged with electricity. One warm day in Summer the fire had been permitted to go entirely out. The lady, who was at this time in the garden, heard a roaring noise from the stove, as if a brisk fire had just been kindled with some light material. Thinking that some member of the family had lighted a fire in her absence, she approached the stove, took the griddle-lifter from a nail where it was hanging, and attempted to raise the lid. The moment the lifter touched the lid, the lady received a powerful shock, as from a galvanic battery. Knowing something of the nature of this invisible force, she proceeded to open the stove door with a stick of wood, when to her astonishment there was no sign of fire inside. The different members of the family were called to investigate, and each to receive a shock, in order that no one could think another laboring under any strange or wild hallucination. The dinner hour came; the stove continued to roar. At length hunger overcame fear, and the lord of the house kindled a fire, and as no fearful consequences ensued, the kettles were placed upon the stove and food cooked as usual. When it was time to move the kettles from the stove, the handles were found to be perfectly shocking, and the female portion of the house thought it impossible to move the stove furniture. Science and masculine muscle were brought into requisition, and by placing a piece of wood upon each side of the kettle or pan, sufficient force could be brought to bear, to remove the things off the shocking stove. This singular phenomenon did not occur daily. It seemed most frequent when the sky was overcast with clouds. Wire were passed around the pipe to keep it in

position, and a projecting end was seen to emit a blue blaze whenever the stove was charged. This blaze united with another wire.

## **An Explanation**

A correspondent called attention to a singular phenomenon—that of a singing or buzzing stove, near Carson. A roaring noise was heard about the stove when there had not been any fire in it for hours, and everything about it was heavily charged with electricity. This occurred most frequently when the sky was overcast with clouds. The singularity of this phenomenon lies solely in the fact that it occurred in a valley, as it is of the same class as the phenomenon known as the electric resonance of mountains, which is not rare in high regions and yet not frequent. It is very rare on plains or in valleys, however, and we believe that the instance cited by our correspondent, though insignificant as to extent, is the only case of the kind on record. The electric resonance of mountains (that is, the buzzing noise of the soil or rocks 95 of culminant peaks,) to which class of phenomena the Carson incident belongs, is caused by a continuous dynamic action, or an efflux of the electric fluid toward the clouds by the most salient terrestrial conductors, (the stove, for instance) and bears no analogy whatever to lightning. On the contrary, when this efflux takes place, it sufficiently relieves the electric tension to prevent lightning from being formed. Otherwise a “cloudburst” would follow, through an electric explosion caused by contact of this efflux with the dynamic or more active electricity of the atmosphere. Treasure City, White Pine county, at an elevation of 9,000 feet, is frequently visited by the phenomenon mentioned by our correspondent, and sometimes by the so-called galloping lightning, known nowhere else except on prairies—a miniature lightning resulting from the fact of an electrified cloud grazing the surface and discharging itself by a thousand sparks, which are seen to run along the smooth limestone. Cloudbursts rarely occur over forests or in low regions. Where timber grows, trees act as conductors and dissipate static or terrestrial electricity, whereas clouds heavily charged with terrestrial electricity sweep over bald peaks of great elevation, and, coming in contact with great quantities of static electricity exuding from the bare ground and rocks, a terrific explosion takes place, electricity is

destroyed or precipitated into azone, and the watery vapor of the cloud, having no further support, comes down in mass, to the great danger of life and property. [So many fighters have been “after” us lately on account of our Police Court items, that we thought we'd go after old Lightning and see if he'd come at us, and if he don't, our name will go down to posterity associated with that of Ajax.]

### **The Religious Question.**

As you appear to be willing to give, occasionally, space in your journal for the promulgation of 96 religious ideas, I will, with your permission, submit some of my views upon this important question. I will say, in all humility, that I hope my individual opinions will not tend to change the original plans of the universe. It is a surprising fact that few, even thinking people, seem to be capable of recognizing never failing general principles. The generally accepted ideas of all fanatics are the same; all intolerance for the opinions of others. This is a principle of human nature coeval with man's existence. And although I am not a religionist of any order, still I possess this same spirit of intolerance; am arbitrary, profoundly so, as I can show you. At the same time I represent a class of people whose opinions deserve the same hearing as is given to others. I have no objection to religionists propounding their several views provided they observe appropriateness as to time and place, and do not obtrude their opinions upon mixed company, in private social life. I do most earnestly protest against the custom of making a bore of one's self by taking every opportunity of piercing innocent, unsuspecting people with unheard of religious views. If people must air their opinions of God and the universe, let them call together an audience of volunteers, who will submit to be bored as taste or fancy may dictate, when they have the ordinary means of escape at hand. In publishing one's ideas people can read or let the paper alone, but in private life there is no escape from the open battery of a fanatic, however distasteful. Here again I assert that obtruding one's opinions upon others in matters of religion is a breach of etiquette, and of the principles of good breeding, and is a very disagreeable phase of semi-civilized life. I am willing to forgive any man his religious opinions, let them be what they may, if he will keep them to himself, and permit his life to tell the story.

## **Grant in Peace.**

The President who has committed no flagrant outrage upon the rights of the people, stands a better chance to be elected to a second term of office than his first—from this fact, that he has more power to control votes through his established officials, and at the same time is quite liable to receive a larger popular vote than at first. The great masses of humanity are conservative and distrustful; wisely and reasonably preferring to trust an officer who has been tried, than to take the risks of experiments, when results cannot be foreseen. The objection brought against Grant by the organs of the opposing political party are of the most frivolous character, and are intended only as an appeal to the prejudices of the unthinking—as if it were a crime for a President to be an admirer of horses and dogs, a disgrace to smoke cigars and to keep one's mouth and ears closed to *small talk*. What Grant's enemies deem his faults, his friends esteem as his virtues. Every man who keeps horses should appreciate them. They should also treat the poor canine with that affection to which he is entitled, if he deserves an existence at all. It should be borne in mind that the people of this republic were in great agony of spirit at one time as to who should lead them in battle—when Grant arose from obscurity, let slip the horses and dogs of war and saved our Government; and what man is there in this country who has stronger claims to the people's indulgence than Grant with his horses of peace, his dogs of peace, his pipe of peace, and he holding his peace.

## **A Chapter of Questions.**

I will endeavor to answer several questions after the manner of my countrymen by asking a few others. Why is it that when men desire the influence or votes of certain parties in politics, they never ask what may be the views of their constituents upon religion or love matters? Why is it that in politics all men are free and equal, while woman is expected to make such distinctions as to ostracise those who believe differently upon religion and love? Why is it that a man may be one of the lowest dregs of a foreign nation—may drink, smoke, chew, swear, gamble and whip his wife, and even be guilty of the hitherto crime of having a black skin,—and still be any man's equal at the ballot-box? Why is it that even unfortunate, low and vulgar women have not the right to life,

liberty, and the pursuit of their own convictions and our prayers and sympathies, the same as a corresponding class of men?

Dr. Holland proposes to try a theory by which to save the lives of thousands of men who perish yearly with a loathsome disease. (Nothing said about women.) Woodhull and Claflin are proposing a theory by which to save thousands of women who yearly perish from too much matrimony, or in other words, are protected to death. (Nothing said about how it will affect men.) They also desire to create a new race of men. Did not Horace Greeley and Fowler and Wells create a new race in their time? and although it would be like “putting new wine into old bottles” to get a new idea into their dear old heads now, I believe that the race of men they created were superior in many things to those who preceded them; at any rate, they have put away slavery, and cultivated their phrenological bumps, and upon the whole are more liberal and less bigoted than their grandfathers were. But, some say Woodhull and Claflin are striking at the very roots of our social institutions; well, suppose they do; they can only stir the *dirt* a little, and in the end that will be better for all concerned. Have not our institutions been pruned, and pruned at the top until they are decayed in heart, and dwarfed, fertilized and forced, until our young men resemble mushrooms and our women worm-eaten fruit, which falls before ripe 99 from early precocity, and withers and decays early on the hands of the disappointed husbandmen. The thing is clear enough, that the right to govern and free love, and the right to write works upon agriculture, by custom and common consent, have been attributed to man alone, and the right to a religious belief belongs to that class who have the most power to enforce their dogmas upon others. As a people, we begin to show signs of breaking down the old feudal doctrine that might makes right. And why, in the name of common sense, will intelligent women cater to the prejudices of a set pusillanimous old *fogies* by writing and endorsing such an article as the one referred, which has for its end and aim the degeneration of any class of women. Have we not orthodox neighbors who in their dear little Pharisaical hearts not only keep themselves unspotted from the world, but also from the so-called liberalists. Now this is all right, and shows a disposition upon the part of those people to do as near right as they *know how*. But here we find some of those strongminded liberalists guilty of the same Phariseeism towards another class of believers. This is not consistent with the pretensions of that people, however politic, and it

is unfortunate that women, who have brains enough to appreciate the political liberty of their sex, should put themselves upon a level with either such a class of politicians or religionists.

### **An Appeal to the Business Men of San Francisco.**

Knowing, as we do, that the business men of this city have an interest in the good of all mankind, and have every reason to believe womankind included, a self-appointed representative of the latter ventures to make an appeal to your philanthropy: We desire that more avenues of occupation be opened to women. There are many coming to this country to escape the severities of a rigorous climate, with the hope of 100 recovering health or prolonging life, by breathing the pure air of this beautiful country. Many of these are women who are depending upon their own efforts for a living. Some of them wives, who are no less worthy for being “help meets” that may say in the language of the old English poet: “You buy one loaf, I’ll buy two, And we’ll raise up our babies as other folks do.”

Married women are not employed as teachers in the public schools; nor can woman hold office, because she is not a citizen. The poor working girl can scarcely compete with the Chinaman in the work of the household, and she takes to sewing as “drowning people catch at straws.” And the widow, who depended upon the wash-tub for the support of her family, is crowded into the business of dressmaking, and that is, therefore, overfilled. We need more room, more varieties of occupation. We are not bewailing the loss of those lowly occupations; on the contrary, think they have fallen into proper hands. We are perfectly willing that arduous labor should be performed by masculine muscle and Chinese enterprise. Nor do we want to crowd men out of employment becoming their muscle or the dignity of manhood. We hear a great deal about men being wanted to develop the resources of this country—intelligent farmers, etc. Why not make better use of this masculine element that is engaged selling tape behind the counter? Why not employ women in shoe stores, in books and stationery, dry goods, and as clerks in the post office? Would it not be better to let women fill these places than to become leeches on the community or an expense to their masculine friends?

### **Confusion of the Anthonyys.**

When Susan B. Anthony proposed coming to California, she apprised some of her friends living here of this fact; among others a gentleman residing at 101 one of the stations on the railroad over which Susan must pass. This gentleman wrote to Susan, stating that if she would signal from the car window when she arrived at his station, that he would come on board and take her to dinner, as there would be ample time.

Now it came to pass that an excursion party was returning from Salt Lake, and among this company there came a Mrs. Anthony, who, unlike Susan B., was plump and matronly, and carried the fruits of her appearance in her arms in the form of a rollicking baby about six months old. In the course of natural events it became necessary to air an article of baby's wardrobe, which was suspended from the car window and the sash closed down to secure it. In due time the train arrived at the above-mentioned station, and Susan's friend perceiving the supposed signal, came on board, walked to the seat opposite the signaled window, and took the lady's hand, calling her Miss Anthony. The greeting was returned—not, however, without a blank and a somewhat uncertain look from the lady with the baby. At this juncture Susan's friend urged the necessity of going immediately to dinner, whereupon the lady remarked that her husband would soon return with provisions for her, and with a puzzled look of inquiry asked if there were not some mistake. The gentleman replied, “Are you not Susan B. Anthony?” “My name is Anthony, but not Susan B.,” answered the lady. “How came the signal at the window then?” said Susan's friend. “O,” returned the lady, somewhat embarrassed, “that is an article of baby's.” It is needless to state that the passengers smiled, and that this gentleman, on his way to the platform, put in some remarkably good time.

### **Adventure with a Pepper.**

Passing a green grocery I observed some young peppers about the size of a minnow, but not having 102 the fear of the law before my eyes, surreptitiously secreted one in my pocket without covering it with paper, and made my way to the nearest restaurant for dinner. I have frequently eaten the large kind of peppers when green without any of the fiery consequences, as they do not seem to

contain much caloric until it shines through the skin, imparting to it the real blaze color. When in this state I would warn all persons to beware of the pepper family entire. I cut up this harmless looking little green bud, mixed it with a salad, and with perfect confidence and great satisfaction proceeded to take a mouthful. Shades of Vulcan! how it burnt. I gave it a pass or two with my family grinders and swallowed it. Tears would not have flowed more freely if I had taken a coal of fire in my mouth. I manipulated my parching tongue with the soft part of a slice of bread, dried my tear with a napkin, not daring to trust the handkerchief which had lain alongside of that treacherous pepper when in my pocket. The waiter came to ask me about fish. "Hic," said I, "no fish (hic); I am a member of the Dashaways. Draw the curtain. Grief hates the light. I will excuse you now (hic); call at some future time (hic)." There was an expression in the waiter's countenance as if he had sand in his eye.

I am now a firm believer in latent heat—do not indorse Lord Bacon's theory that "heat in its essence is motion;" on the contrary I think heat in its essence is a small red pepper. I have been looking in the principles of chemistry for the chapter on heat, and am surprised that there is nothing said about peppers or the pepper family. The principal scources of heat are said to be the sun, the fixed stars, chemical action and electricity. I could never forgive those philosophers for their stupidity if I did not flatter myself that I am the first person who has ever discovered a latent hell in a red pepper. In all that has been said of fire and brimstone and the Thompsonian 103 theory, there has been no mention made of the torments of capsicum.

### **To the Curious.**

An intelligent public can have no possible interest in one's private affairs, and persons who are good judges of human nature well understand that *questions* are only put with the view of getting something about which to find fault. If one has a public life it belongs to the public to discuss as freely as it may choose; but there should be an intelligent discrimination between what rightly belongs to the public, and that which is sacredly private; and it may be added that an enlightened person can readily judge between the two. It matters not whether our acquaintances are married or single, in sickness or in health, whether they believe in our God or Mother Grundies, we



should remember that as human beings, they are entitled to our respect and sympathy, and that the privacies of their lives should be as much respected as their person or property.

### **What I Know About Sugar Making.**

In the month of March the farmers commence their preparations for sugar making. Five hundred or a thousand sap buckets (piled away in a storehouse for this purpose) are carefully looked over; if any are found with bottoms displaced or hoops loose, they are tinkered up and fitted for use.

When the season is far enough advanced, so that the snow melts during the day and freezes quite hard at night, the sugar maker goes forth to tap the trees in the sugar-bush. An instrument called a gouge, made from an iron bar about a foot long and two inches through, is used for tapping. This is flattened at one end, faced with steel and shaped so as to cut a curved gash two or three inches long. This gash is made crosswise the tree and about three feet from the bottom. A wooden spile, split out with the same instrument, of 104 the same length and shaped to fit the gash, is then driven in; this serves as a conductor to carry the sap into the bucket.

The camp-fire is then located. A couple of immense logs are rolled to together, and polls with stout crotches at the end are driven into the ground near the fire pile; a pole is then placed across, with chains and hooks for the purpose of supporting the kettles used in evaporating the sweet maple fluid. Puncheons, barrels, hogsheads and large troughs are brought in which to store away the sap. Great care is taken in gathering the sap that it may not run to waste. Teams can be sometimee used to advantage in gathering sap, but most of the work must be done by men, as horses or cattle cannot be driven every place in a forest of trees. The sap is evaporated as rapidly as possible, for it sours as readily as milk, and but an inferior quality of gummy sugar can be made from sap after a chemical change has taken place. The sap does not run every day alike. The direction of the wind, the temperature of the thermometer and the different phases of the moon, all serve to produce certain effects upon the trees, well understood by the sugar makers. As the syrup thickens it assumes a dark nut-brown color. This comes from the dead leaves, coal, pieces of wood and foreign matter accumulated by boiling it upon an open fire. If sap is boiled in a tin vessel upon the stove the sugar will be very light and the syrup white as honey. When the boiling fluid is thick enough

to grain it is poured into tin pans or birch baskets to cake. When cold it is placed in a position to drain. It will drip thick molasses until the cakes are much lighter in color, and as dry as salt. As the time for “sugaring off” approaches, the young people get interested in the sugar bush, and many a loafer who manifests little taste for the hardships and drudgery of sugar making, will put in appearance upon “sugar off” occasions. It is the custom in some 105 localities to send as a treat coils of this sweet placed upon a freshly cut chip. The rate of mortality increases among children during the sugar season. It is a difficult matter for loving mothers to keep the little one from getting so interested in the sugar business that they can be kept at home. It is the season of cold and damp and sudden changes, and if small children do not kill themselves outright eating warm sugar, they are liable to “set the worms to work” or get the epizootic.

### **About Dogs.**

I send this article to you hoping that the city authorities will find it a duty to come to our immediate relief. A convention of dogs nightly congregate in a certain locality on Auburn street, and make the night hideous with their growling and fighting, and greatly annoy the peaceable inhabitants of that locality. Some sentimental saphead has said, “Let dogs delight to bark and bite,” as I do not find this sublime stanza in either Blackstone or Mother Goose, I am not willing to accept it as the Common Law of the land, and am inclined to think it possesses more of a theological than legal meaning. Whether these dogs convene for the purpose of conspiring against the *rest* of the inhabitants in the neighborhood, or whether it is to discuss the all-important feminine question, I am unable to state. It is certain that they meet, however, great dogs and small dogs; the thoroughbred of the aristocrat, and the common cur of the plebeian, all meet upon an equal footing—truly a most Democratic assemblage. The writer of this has exhausted all the ordinary means of a private citizen in order to bring peace to the afflicted denizens of the locality. I have thrown old boots and evacuated slippers, my last bar of hard soap, and every available missile to be found in the back yard of a well regulated boarding house. I now desire to call the 106 attention of the proper authorities to this dogged nuisance, and hope we shall not be driven to the desperate necessity of administering sedatives to those dogs in person in self-defence. If there are no laws to be found

on our statute books to regulate this thing, I shall have no objection to an extra session of the legislature.

### **An Old Settler.**

There is living in Grass Valley a famous old cat who is generally known by the significant cognomen "Stump." This name was given him because of a shortcoming of the caudal appendage. Stump has also "bob ears." It is a matter of wonder to me why he is not called by the latter instead of the former name. This feline is an old resident of Grass Valley, having lived in the place for the last fifteen years. He is an immense creature. When I first saw him I thought he must belong to the wild cat family. I am told, however, that he is perfectly peaceable in disposition, and that the scratches upon his nose are only the results of exchanging love taps with his neighbors. I came to the conclusion that his offspring were numerous, from the strong family resemblance to be detected in many of the young felines in the neighborhood. Stump does very little for the family, I assure you; he is like many men in this respect—so afraid that he might do something for the children of other cats that he will do nothing for his own. The younger felines may thank the superior industry and diligence of the mother cat, who is generally equal to the task of rearing her offspring, without assistance from relatives. I realize that cats have always been terribly misrepresented and slandered; but I am speaking only the truth when I say that Stump frequents all the most popular saloons in the vicinity. He may frequently be seen serenely sitting on a beer keg or counter, looking as if he did not care whether school kept or not. Dogs have few rights or privileges which Stump feels bound to respect. If one happens by on his way from the meat market, Stump will pounce upon him and speedily relieve him of all further responsibility of marketing. Stump is recognized as one of the first settlers, is a member of the society of "Old Prospectors," and is treated with the acknowledged deference due an aged bummer. He puts up, for the present, at Jeffrey's "Snug Saloon."

### **Obituary of Old Stump.**

We are now called upon to record the death of this most worthy creature who was endeared to the sympathizing hearts of this community by the mutual associations of a long and eventful life. About fifteen years ago this cat was found by a townsman, in a half-starved condition, just as he had been dropped down from the moon or some unknown planet, after the obscure manner of cats. He was "taken in," fed and cared for in a way characteristic of the inhabitants of Grass Valley; the results were, that in a short time he became able to hunt for himself, and in so doing, to contribute his share of general blessings to the community by keeping rats, mice, small birds, all vermin and dogs within the limited sphere allotted them by nature. As Stump leaves behind him many living friends and relations, it may be well to mention some of his faults as well as his many virtues. Misfortune, adventure, disappointment and sorrow is the common lot of all creatures; most especially did this fall true to the early Californians, and Stump shared the common adversities and peculiar social reverses of many an early settler. His associations were not always what they might have been. He spent his last days in a saloon. His last rest was upon a beer keg. It was a sad, although somewhat interesting sight to see Stump, with other invalids, taking his daily sun bath in the door of his favorite 108 resort. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of the common laws of health, and although a frequenter of doubtful places, was known to be perfectly temperate in his habits. Stump's early love-life, like that of most of the old settlers, has been one of many perils and hairbreadth escapes. The scars resulting from these adventures he carried to his last resting place. He was somewhat addicted to profanity, and would roll out terrible oaths, as cats are wont to do when vexed by the green-eyed monster, jealousy.

Notwithstanding his faults (and who has them not?) he played well his part in life, and departed, having the love and toleration of the entire community. On the 6th of April Stump took an informal leave of his old "stamping" ground; he was found dead by Bob Jeffrey, of the Snug Saloon. When poor old Stump was stiff and cold, Alas! said he, poor Stump was very old. Jeff may have thought, but nothing more he said; Just raised his hat and scratched his head, Drew off his boots and went to bed.

### **Inconsistency.**

I do not justify, but will defend any woman who will victimize these men at their own games. Hence a defence for Laura Fair; and, think of it, from one of her own sex! O! what will come of man's stronghold—of his trite sayings that women do not defend their sex? The reason I will give you, as I think I can. Woman's time has been all occupied in the defence of man. To keep him just respectable for the childrens' sake was all that she could do, and at the same time make her toilet on what was left from mistress and the revenue on cigars and whisky. Woman, so dependant on these erring lords, could scarce afford to defend an erring sister. Besides, men 109 fatten on the frailties of the finer sex, and nothing suits them better than to see them by the ears and hear them railing one another. This is the fallacy that every fault in woman goes to prove the superiority of man. And now behold consistency! If you'll observe, you'll hear these very men who are so distressed for woman's want of charity condemn the feminine who dare write a defence for this unhappy Laura Fair.

Some say that Laura Fair is bad. What means this shallow twaddle? Bad? Bad? For what, for Heaven's sake? What has this woman done that she should merit death? She lived with Crittenden without the sanction of the law; but are the law-makers not greater than the law itself? Have not these same law-making men taught us from day to day, from our very childhood up, that love of man is virtue, not a vice—and that “all things are fair in love and war?” This woman is a sample of what your social system is designed to make of any woman who will follow the advice of men. Do not these very men who frame and execute the law prove what I say most true, by keeping wife and mistress too? The wife to raise the children and to economize upon; the mistress as a necessary friend when out from home.

Some say that it was not for love that Laura Fair staid with this Crittenden. Well, if it were not for love, she is not guilty of that so-called crime at least; and if she staid with him for money, I am sure that this accords with what men have always taught us—to depend on them for means. They say 'tis little that you need at most, and 'twere better to depend on us for that than to soil your dainty fingers. O man! most noble creature that thou art! to protect weak, defenseless woman. How touching is this self-denial when he comes to this most trying trial, to make an example of some woman for all mistresses in common; and if she kills a man in a hysteric fit of jealousy she must be

hanged, as warning to other 110 *fairs* that they must not indulge in hysteric fits. And as for jealousy, 'tis unbecoming woman. McFarland's case will prove that this is one of *man's* prerogatives. O man! most noble hero! With what selfdenial he protects the wife and child at home, while he goes bravely out to meet his deadly foe—King Alcohol; and also braves the unknown throng to deposit his sovereign will, the ballot, and favors woman in all dangerous seasons. Still he has been known to hang her by the neck for treason. Perhaps it was because she was old and feeble, and easier caught for wearing petticoats, than was the leader of the rebellion; but being woman made the crime much greater.

How does it come that San Francisco justice did not execute the murderer of Carrie Diamond? How does it come that scores of men have killed their paramours and gone unwhipped of justice? It seems to me that taking the life of a woman has been looked upon as a matter of common occurrence, and if her character could but be questioned man was justified in slaying her. If man will but heed the advice that he in arrogance bestows on woman to guide her through the mazy trials of this life, he never need be seduced from child or wife. That is, let these women alone; stay out of all improper places; take their advances as an insult to his better man, and cultivate life's graces. The customs of our social life remove from man all moral responsibility—at the same time give him all the power, socially and politically. It does not punish man for destroying her morality, but woman must be condemned and hanged for destroying *his* mortality. What if the customs of our social life do not allow a woman an equal chance in money-making operations. “She is not as strong,” is the excuse, and who ever heard of any class of people who received protection because of weakness. 'tis strength that brings protection.